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Price 20 Cents

FBI TRACED NEW SPY SUSPECT TO MEXICO CITY

Washington, Aug. 18. The Justice Department today announced the arrest of a former United States Navy civilian engineer on charges of giving national defence secrets to Russia.

The Department said that Federal Bureau of Investigation agents took Morton Sobell, 33-year-old New York electrical engineer, into custody at Laredo, Texas, this morning.

Secret Court Martial

Colchester, Essex, Aug. 18. A secret court martial of three British soldiers was ordered here today, with 11-5 officers in attendance and American officers and sergeants standing by to give evidence.

Britain's No. 2 officer at the War Office responsible for operational strategy and planning, personally applied for evidence to be taken in secret.

The decision to do so was reached after Brigadier E. S. Lindsay, Deputy Director of Military Operations at the War Office, had said: "From the security point of view I consider that the evidence should not be given in public."

Reuter.

Won't Handle Russian Furs

New York, Aug. 18. Doel workers refused today to unload Russian furs which arrived on the British Cunard liner, Mauretania.

The men, members of the American Federation of Labour International Longshoremen's Association, also voted not to handle any goods from Russia in the near future.

The furs aboard the Mauretania were valued at US\$138,000. They were expected to be returned to Britain like the Russian crab-meat which dock workers refused to handle early this week after it had arrived on the British liner Parthia.

Reuter.

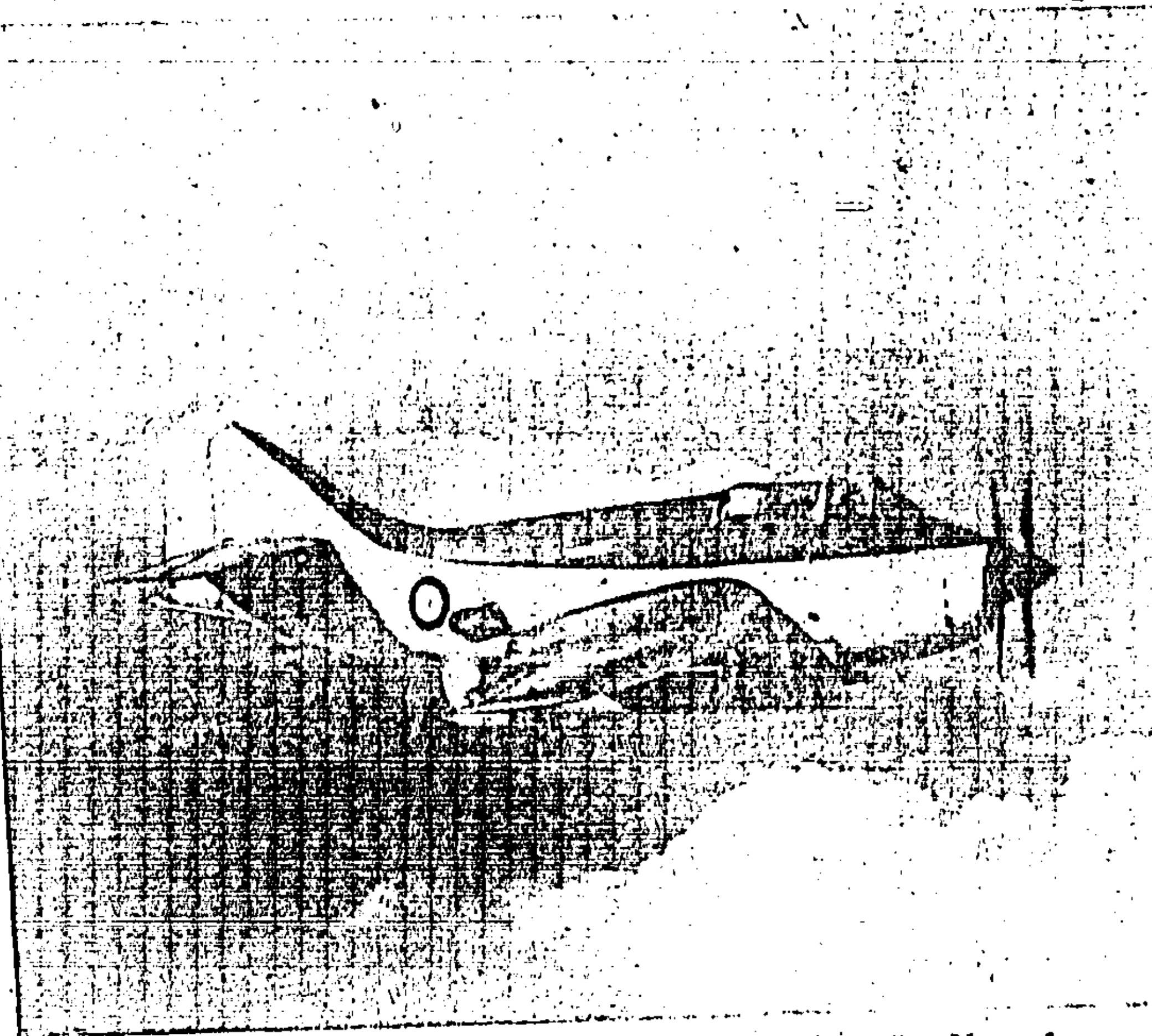
EDITORIAL

Interplay Of Ideas

WITH attention so closely engaged by the critical stages of the Korean conflict, today developing rapidly towards what will later be regarded by military experts as the battle of decision, the profoundly interesting exchange of views among delegates of fifteen European nationalities, meeting at Strasbourg in the Council of Europe, has probably not made the deep impression that otherwise it must have done. Nothing concrete has been achieved by reason of the constitution. The Assembly is a consultative body, restricted—some say hamstrung—by the directives of the Committee of Ministers. Decisions are outside the Assembly's province, and the delegates can offer only guidance, by a reasonably free interplay of ideas. From that angle, the second annual session of the Consultative Assembly has been stimulating and illuminating, even when the observer detects a certain inconsistency in the attitude of, say, Mr. Ronald MacKay, a Labour M. P. who supports Britain to participate in the Schuman steel and coal merger plan, and at the same time, would surrender national sovereignty to a far greater extent by setting up a European Parliament, able to pass Acts binding on member countries. Mr. MacKay's motives appeared sound enough and, looking into the future, his arguments made commonsense. More important, perhaps, was the fact that they drew generous applause from the rest of the Assembly. For the value of the Assembly on the basis of the limited assignment authorised by the Ministers rests on its steady confirmation that it represents the most hopeful of all organisations seeking European unity

and in such manner that delegates continuously haul against supine conformity to orders from above. It has to be recognised, however, that the climate is not yet ripe for any drastic measures in the cause of unity. It is one thing to say that the Western European countries must create a United States of Europe, federate or perish, give up national independence to a supra-national authority—the hubbub of the Schuman Plan—and the like. The fact remains that the people of Europe are not yet ready. The aftermath of war and the menace from behind the Iron Curtain has not cultivated the appeal of democratic internationalism, and, quite obviously, the practical difficulties of evolving a federation scheme acceptable to all members are colossal. This does not mean that a closer harmony and co-operation is not essential. On the ideal, there is widespread agreement. The Conservative Party in the British Isles is more amenable to the project, curiously enough, than the Socialist Government. The Labour Party has always been sceptical and almost hostile as the pamphlet "European Unity" proved, largely because of fears that Commonwealth partnership would be injured or hampered. They are right in insisting that unification cannot be achieved overnight; the process must go on step by step, working up from the bottom and not building a roof before the foundations are laid. This cautious attitude may not amuse the Consultative Assembly, but their task is to influence public opinion. Frank talks at Strasbourg, like those creating a highly satisfactory atmosphere this week, enable them to pursue that job from a good start.

Anti-Sub Plane



Two Of Quads Born Safely As Doctors Worry

Bellingen, New South Wales, Aug. 18. A British war bride, 29-year-old Betty Sara, who is expecting quads, today gave birth to the second of the children, a boy. The first, a girl, was born last night.

Worried doctors, who delivered the first two babies 26 hours apart, did not know exactly when the rest of the quartet could be expected.

Drugs from a Sydney hospital are being flown to Bellingen to be given intravenously to strengthen Mrs. Sara in her ordeal. The drugs are due at daybreak.

The first quad is taking glucose from a "dropper" feeding apparatus.

The baby girl, weighing 1.7 kilograms (three and three-quarter pounds) was born yesterday.

Twenty-six hours and two minutes later the boy arrived. He was said to be slightly smaller than his sister. Both are in a specially heated crib and reported "progressing normally."

Doctors late today said they did not expect further births during the night.

Mrs. Sara's former airman husband, Percy Sara, paced nervously along the verandah outside his wife's bedroom. He had been doing so throughout the night, chain-smoking all the time.

His attackers drove up to his home in Liege Province, Eastern Belgium, in a car.

A virulent opponent of King Leopold, M. Lahaut, aged 65, caused an uproar last week when he yelled "Vive La République" while Prince Baudouin was being sworn in as chief of State.

M. Lahaut called for the abdication of King Leopold as early as July 1945.

M. Lahaut was defeated in a parliamentary vote for Vice-Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies.

He was shot in his shirt sleeves at the door of his house as he answered the knocks of two men. Their car was left with engine running. Four shots were fired. One hit M. Lahaut in the head, three in the body. The two men then rushed to their car and escaped.

M. Lahaut stumbled for 15 steps before dying in his wife's arms.

Blood from wounds in his head and chest stained his wife's dress as she clutched him. The police rushed up the street to burst into his home within minutes of the assassins' escape.

Reuter.

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Capable of compact storage aboard an aircraft carrier, Britain's new Fairley 17 anti-submarine plane flies over Malden head, England, with full wingspread of 54 feet, 4 inches. In three sections, the wings can be folded into 20 feet.

Belgian Communist Leader Shot Dead

Brussels, Aug. 18. The Belgian Communist Party leader, M. Julien Lahaut, was assassinated at his house at Seraing near Liege tonight.

M. Lahaut, who was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, was killed by two men.

His attackers drove up to his home in Liege Province, Eastern Belgium, in a car.

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MARINES SMASH NAKTONG RIVER BULGE

Crack North Korean Division Routed SAVAGE 2-DAY FIGHTING

Tokyo, Aug. 19. United States Marines and infantrymen have smashed the Communists' dangerous Naktong River bulge, and United Nations troops are pushing the North Koreans back on the east coast.

Earlier, frontline dispatches said the United Nations forces also had thrown back the North Korean offensive on the provisional capital of Taeju.

Troops of the First Marine Brigade and the 24th Infantry Division ended a savage two-day attack on the Communist bridgehead across the Naktong near Changnyong with mopping-up operations. They had routed in parts the Communist crack Fourth Division, and the battle-ground was littered with the bodies of 1,000 to 1,500 enemy troops who had been mowed down by aerial strafing, artillery and rifles.

The victory eased the North Koreans' two-pronged threat to Taeju, to the northwest, and the vital port of Pusan, to the southeast.—United Press.

General MacArthur's Headquarters for Korea, Aug. 19. Units of the 24th Infantry Division and the First Marine Division are steadily pushing back North Korean forces in the Changnyong bridgehead east of the Naktong River.

General MacArthur's communiqué announced shortly after midnight.

The communists disclosed that the Marines—apparently having overcome earlier "extremely stubborn" resistance—succeeded in turning the North Koreans' southern flank into the path of American 24th Division units who engaged them vigorously.

The communiqué said that in the American First Cavalry Division's sector the situation was still "unchanged."

But the South Korean First Division units had regained from half to all of the ground lost in Thursday's attack and were holding firm in the face of the present main Communist effort.

With the South Korean recapture of Pohang and Kigye, on the east coast, the defence lines in this area were stated to be running generally west and between these two points, while United Nations forces were pushing several North Korean regiments there from the south and west.—Reuter.

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Communist frontline in Korea "thorough working over," General MacArthur's headquarters announced.

Twice the Japanese-based fighters refuelled and reloaded at Korean bases to carry out their mission.

In their 24 sorties they plastered the troop-filled town of Lisong, 33 miles north of Taeju, with 500-pound bombs.

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ANOTHER BRITISH CARRIER COMING

Portsmouth, Aug. 18. Another British aircraft carrier, the 13,350-ton Warrior, will leave here on Sunday to reinforce the British Far Eastern Fleet.

Sister ship of the Warrior, the Thebes, left here today for duty off Korea with the United Nations blockade forces. Thebes sailed on time despite the discovery of suspected sabotage a few days ago when gyro compass electrical leads were cut.

Warrior was refitted last year with an experimental flexible rubberised deck, and has been used in trials with carrier-borne jet aircraft fitted with skids.—Reuter.

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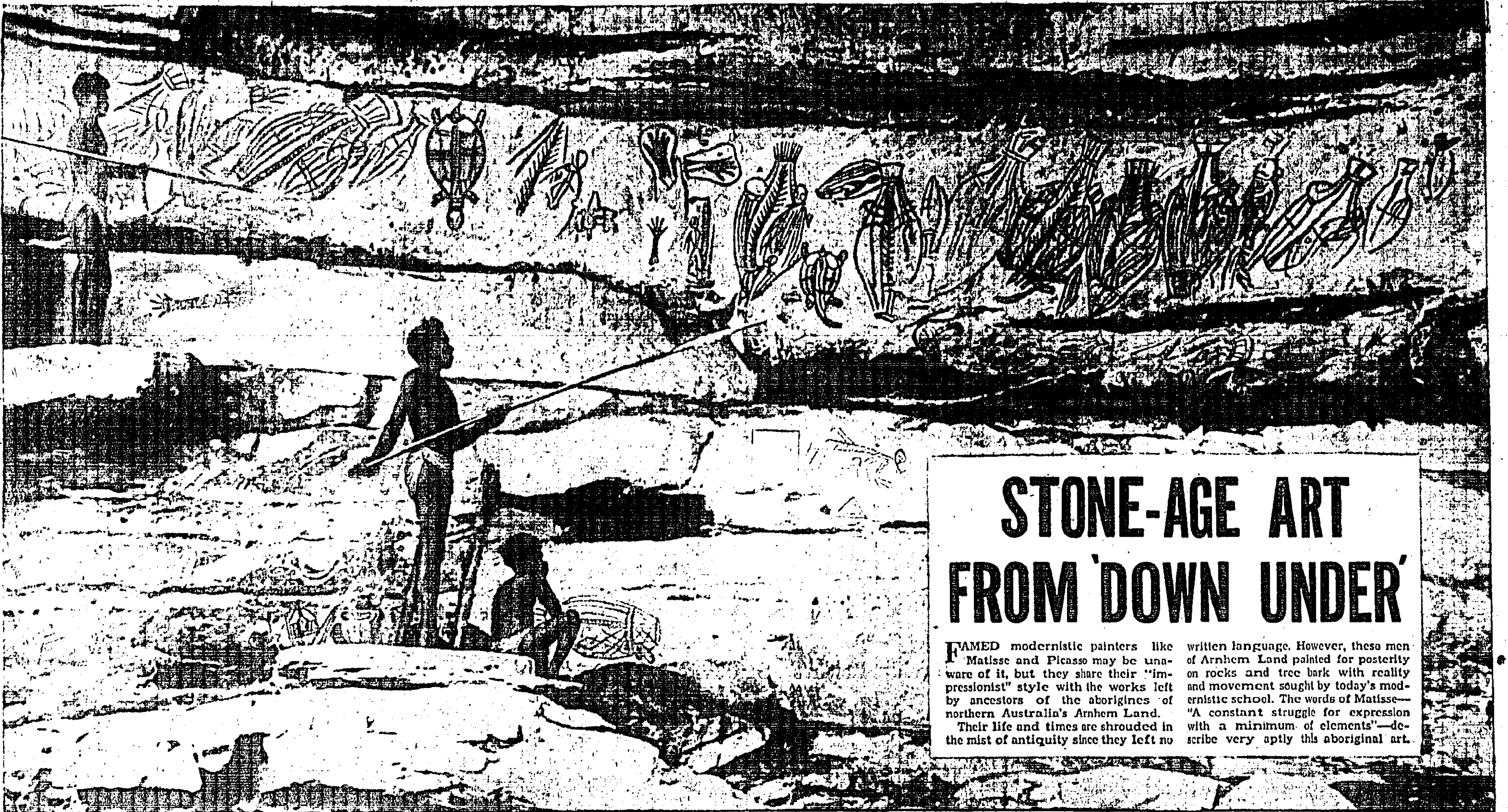
Reuter.



Watson's Prickly Heat Lotion

A faintly perfumed lotion, one of the oldest and effective treatments for prickly heat rashes. Dabbed on with a soft pad it will soothe and cool the skin. Make it a routine after a bath.

A. S. WATSON & CO., LTD.



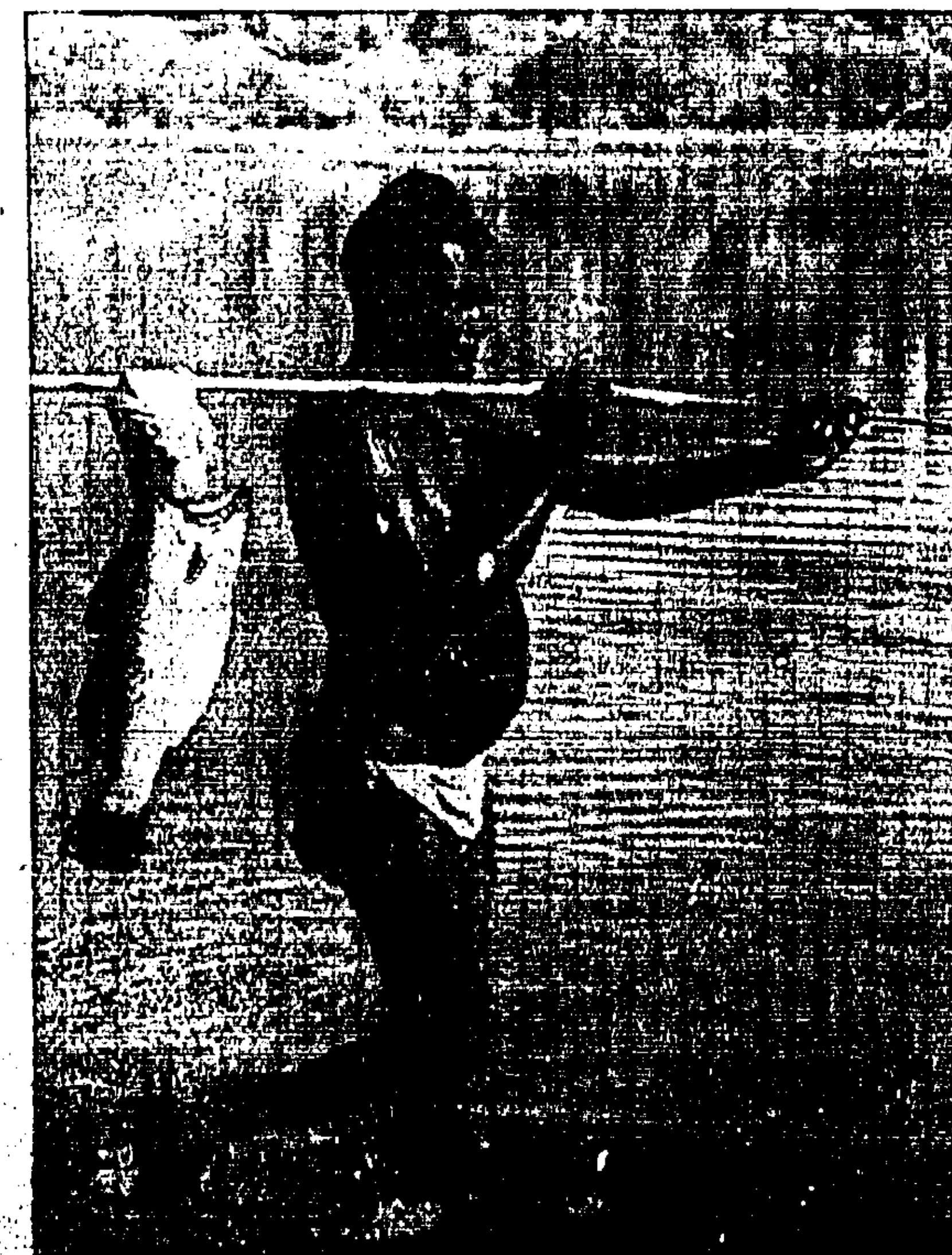
STONE-AGE ART FROM 'DOWN UNDER'

FAMED modernistic painters like Matisse and Picasso may be unaware of it, but they share their "impressionist" style with the works left by ancestors of the aborigines of northern Australia's Arnhem Land. Their life and times are shrouded in the mist of antiquity since they left no written language. However, these men of Arnhem Land painted for posterity on rocks and tree bark with reality and movement sought by today's modernistic school. The words of Matisse—"A constant struggle for expression with a minimum of elements"—describe very aptly this aboriginal art.

These Arnhem Land aborigines led a photographic expedition to a cave which formed a natural art gallery for their ancestors. Rock paintings of coloured birds, fish and animals remain in "X-ray" design which shows hearts, backbones and stomachs.



THICK MUD and lurking crocodiles make crossing of East Alligator river a dangerous feat for expedition leader Charles P. Mountford and his assistant, W. J. Harney, with bed-roll on his head. Aborigine boys are alert with crude spears to fight off predatory game.



THE EXPEDITION had to cross lagoons and marshes teeming with fish and wildfowl. A native carries a barramundi he has speared.



A LUNCH of flying fox is shared by explorer Harney with his bearers who listen to the old stories he tells about their country.

Ancient Paintings Depict Life of Australia's Earliest Inhabitants



DRAWING depicts spirits so thin they hunt only on calm days. A breeze would blow them away.



DOMINATING this painted hunt scene are kangaroos, goannas, palm trees, pigeons and spider web.



IN THIS aboriginal "jam session," one musician blows "didjeridoo" while mate sings, strikes sticks.



HIGH DEVELOPMENT in bark painting is achieved with hunter spearing kangaroo. Animal is 5 ft. tall.



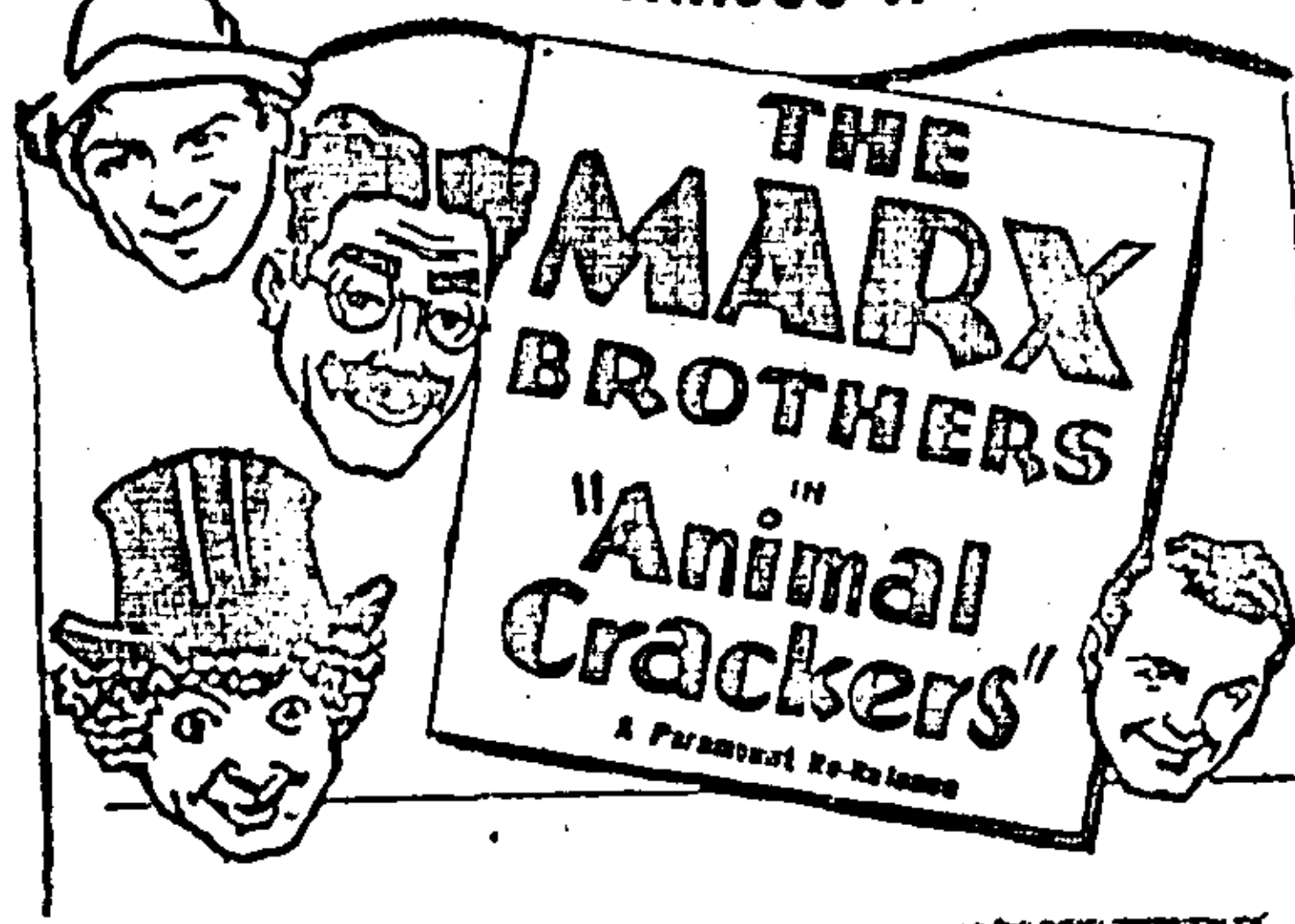
KEPT IN A SACRED PLACE away from the eyes of women, children, this carved stone "figure" represents the spirit of its human owner. He belonged to Engwom tribe of Central Australia.

LEE Theatre

TAKE ANY EASTBOUND TRAM OR ROUTE NO. 5 BUS

★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★
FOUR SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

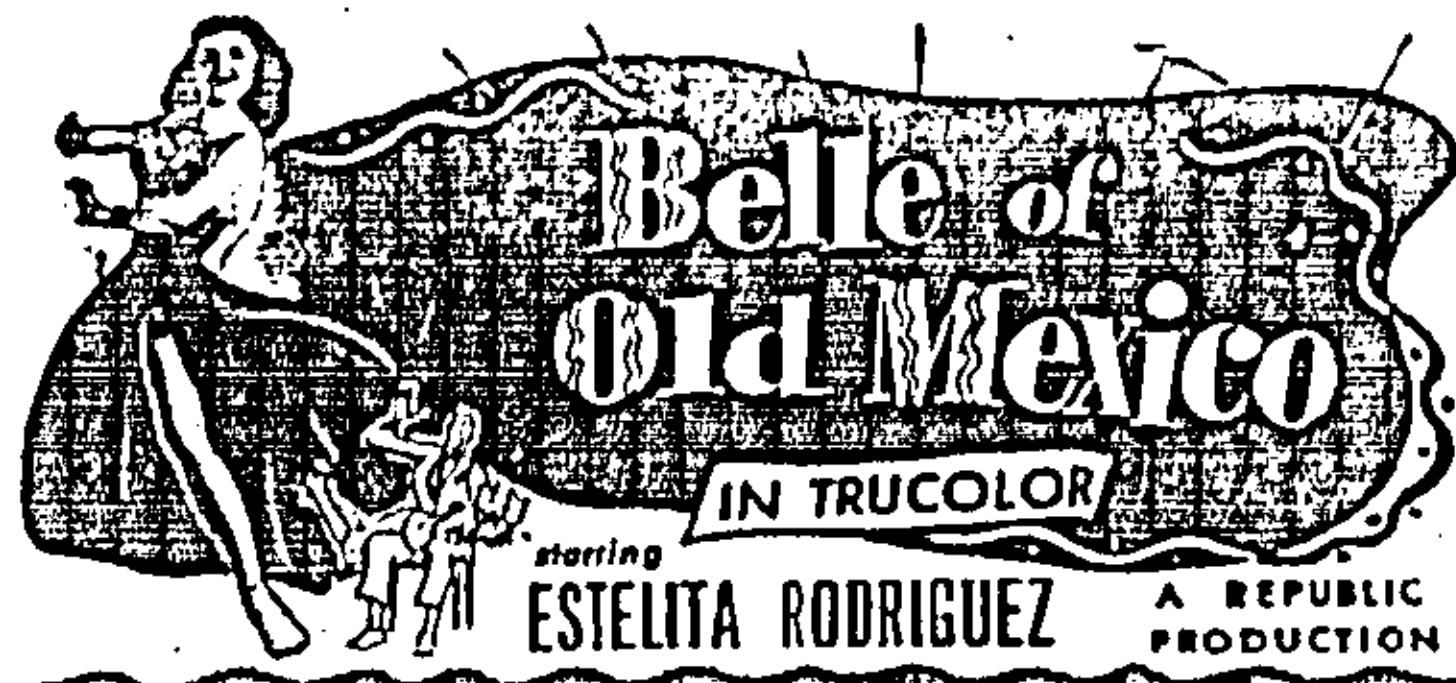
THOSE MAD MEN OF MIRTH IN
HILARIOUS ACTION!



ADDED—LATEST GAUMONT BRITISH AND
PARAMOUNT NEWSREELS:—

U.N. Security Council Meets On Korea — U.S.
Reinforcements Rushed Into Pusan Battle — Film
Diary From the Korean Battle Zone — "Peace" Rally
Causes Violence in New York — Epsom Race Meeting
— A.A.U. Swimming Championship, etc.

★ TO-MORROW ★



★ ADDED ATTRACTION ★
Focus on the key-nation in Asia:
THIS MODERN AGE
presents

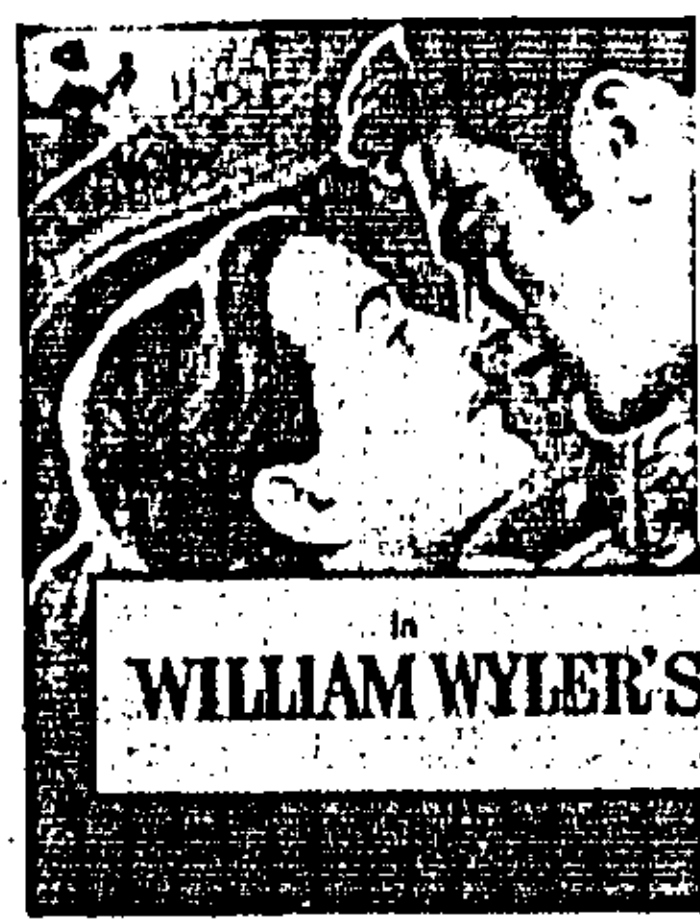
"THE RIDDLE OF JAPAN"

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M.
FAIRYTALE CARTOONS
in Technicolor!
• AT REDUCED PRICES •

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20,
7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

5 WINNERS OF ACADEMY AWARD!



Olivia de Havilland
Montgomery Clift
Ralph Richardson

WILLIAM WYLER'S "The Heiress"

MIRIAM HOPKINS

ADDED! WARNER-PATHE NEWSREEL

1. Navy planes rocket-bomb Korean targets!
2. MacArthur's second visit to Korea war-front!
3. G.I.'s counterattack in Korea!

NEXT CHANGE: BY POPULAR REQUEST!
"ADVENTURES OF DON JUAN"

ORIENTAL AIR CONDITIONED

Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus
SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THREE BIG FEATURES IN ONE PROGRAMME
(1) A TERRIFYING ADVENTURE IN SUSPENSE!

Barbara HALE • Bobby DRISCOLL

in "THE WINDOW"

- (2) WALT DISNEY'S LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOON
Donald Duck in "THREE FOR BREAKFAST"
- (3) EDGAR KENNEDY'S LATEST COMEDY HIT
"HEADING FOR TROUBLE"

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY PUBLIC REQUEST!
BUD & LOU in "PARDON MY SARONG"

A SEAT IN THE STALLS

INTRODUCING—THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS BEING KIDDED

Tired from a rigorous day of study and rehearsal, she stopped by the desk of the New York apartment house to pick up her messages. Idly, she thumbed through the pencilled notes until she reached one reading:

"Call Samuel Goldwyn at the Sherry-Netherlands."
"Oh, that name at the Actor's Studio," she said to herself. "Maybe they do great scenes, but they certainly give a bad performance as ribbers!"

Whereupon she dropped the note in a potted palm and went upstairs to pick up her mail.

Of returning—away from it—all somewhere in Upstate New York.

OPEN MOUTHS

When she got back she kiddingly denounced all her fellow-students for what she considered a very bad gag. The stars and open mouths her denunciation brought forth made her swallow hard and run for a phone.

"This is Lois Wheeler," she told the clerk at the desk of the Sherry-Netherlands. "Mr. Goldwyn, please. I think he's expecting my call."

Mr. Goldwyn was expecting her call. Unseen by Lois, he had caught her at the Actor's Studio in a brief reading from Thomas Wolfe's "The Web and the Rock."

His mind had been made up—he didn't want an interview or even a screen test. He simply wanted her signature on a movie contract and a promise from her that she'd leave immediately for Hollywood to play the other woman in his production of "My Foolish Heart," starring Susan Hayward and Dana Andrews.

And that's how Lois Wheeler, native of Stockton, Calif., a few hundred miles from Hollywood, tricked the all-too-familiar course to movieland via the Broadway short-cut.

Daughter of Raymond and Katherine Wheeler, Lois was educated in a Stockton convent and at College of Pacific, where she majored in drama. During a performance of "Our Town" in the San Francisco World Exposition in 1941, she was singled out to receive a scholarship to New York's Neighborhood Playhouse, famed drama classroom on Grand Street directed by Mrs. Rita Margentha.

WOMANLY TRICKERY

For two years, Lois studied at the Grand Street Theatre, then, with the aid of some typical womanly trickery, won her first professional assignment in "The Innocent Voyage" with Oscar Homolka. The Guild was shopping, and not too successfully, for a 16-year-old girl to play an important part in the play. Lois, dressed up like a "teen-ager," adopted every fitting mannerism she could think of, and came away with the part.

The play ran six weeks, then Lois discovered the folly of her ruse. At every succeeding interview, she was passed by because she was "too young."

In January, 1944, Michael Todd broke her spell of bad luck by handing her a small part (and understudy to Pamela Rivers) in "Pickup Girl." After six months she got an opportunity to step into Miss Rivers' role for a week.

Leo Saberson, who was planning "Trilo" at the time, spotted her and handed Lois one of the three important roles in the production. Also in the cast was Richard Widmark at one time and later Kirk Douglas in the same part.

BACK ON BROADWAY

Back to Broadway once again, she was with Luther Adler in the George Abbott production, "Twilight Bar." In the spring of 1946 she moved into the title role of the hit "Dear Ruth," playing it four months on Broadway, then seven months on the road through the South and lower East Coast. On the night that "Dear Ruth" closed, Lois signed a contract for "All My Sons."

In June, 1947, she went to Europe for a rest, spending six months—wandering through Switzerland, Italy, France and England. She returned to New York for one month, then went straight back to Europe again for another six-month roaming period.

On her return she joined the Actor's Studio, a group started by Elia Kazan, Cheryl Crawford and Bobby Lewis. Among her group who studied with her were Marlon Brando, Joan Chandler, David Wayne, Margaret Phillips and Mildred Dunnock.

During this period of study the "Samuel Goldwyn incident"

popped up and sent her scurrying to Hollywood for her first try at acting before a movie camera. In "My Foolish Heart," she played the girl who loses her boy friend, played by Kent Smith (another Broadwayite), to Susan Hayward. She likes moviemaking, but she wasn't too happy when the studio decided her dark brown hair would look nicer if lightened up.

MRS EDGAR SNOW

While Lois was appearing in "Dear Ruth," she attended a party during which she was introduced to Edgar Snow, well-known author and foreign correspondent, by Stephen Laird of CBS' London staff.

On May 28, 1949, at 5.55 p.m., at Sneed's Landing, N.Y., they were secretly married, and kept in secret until she arrived in Hollywood to report for the Goldwyn movie.

There was no time for a honeymoon, with Snow traveling to Flagstaff, Arizona, on a story assignment, and Lois reporting for "My Foolish Heart."

They hope to combine a honeymoon with Snow's forthcoming trip to Europe where he'll gather material for future books and articles during visits to Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia.

Lois Wheeler is 5 feet 4½ inches, weighs 114 pounds, has dark brown hair (most of the time) and brown eyes.



Lois Wheeler, who has an important role in "My Foolish Heart," now showing at the King's Theatre, is a rising star in the Hollywood galaxy. In private life she is Mrs. Edgar Snow, wife of the journalist and author.

David Lewin's SPOTLIGHT

'Things We Pretend Don't Happen' List Grows Shorter Yet

The film-makers' list of Things We Pretend Don't Happen got a little shorter last week.

In London, Ealing Studios recognise that censors are keen with white girls. In a picture started recently—"Pool of London"—Earl Cameron, a 26-year-old actor from Bermuda, plays a Merchant Navy sailor.

He is lonely, meets Susan Snow and takes her out. They go to a dance together (but sit it out), have a "platonic friendship" (the studio insists it is that).

Just the same it is something no film—either British or American—has presented before. Sir Michael Balcon, head of Ealing, says he is not being courageous. "We're just reporting facts. This happens—we show it."

There could be no suggestion of marriage at the end. The British censor would not have accepted that. Nor would he have agreed to a kiss.

In America, Hollywood admits (1) that war victims can sometimes be paralysed (in "The Men"), and (2) that the message of God may be filmed (in "The Next Voice You Hear").

The censors in both countries have accepted "The Men," although most producers said the story could not be filmed.

"The Next Voice You Hear" is the voice of God. You do not hear Him speak, but what He says in a series of broadcast messages is reported in conversations afterwards. This film has run into some trouble with the censor here.

The Hollywood Studio said that cuts would have to be made for Britain because

of the censor's fears that the subject might be considered as treating God "with over-familiarity."

AFTER MARTHA

Who did it first anyway—1: That meeting between Julie Wilson and Marion Harris, cabaret stars both, was polite—but icy.

Miss Wilson had followed Miss Harris at a West End restaurant—and then sang the story in the "New Yorker" and report on the human (American) male.

When they finally met they wanted to know—well, who did introduce it, anyway?

For the record it was Martha Rieve in a Broadway musical, says Marion Harris. So take your place in the line, Miss Wilson.

AFTER GEORGE

Who did it first anyway—2: Was it the Bernard Brothers or the Smeddie Brothers who started the miming act to a gramophone record background? In the West End the Brothers used to feud.

Now along comes a nine-year-old re-act of George Formby's "South American George"—and there is George miming away to an operatic gramophone record.

So take your place in the line, Brothers.

PIECE OF FAME

Three of the original star names in British pictures are back again filming here today: Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer and David Niven. They put them under contract—and made them world stars. Now they want to work on their own—either here or in America—because they have learned the lesson that in Hollywood the cost of being a contract star can be too high.

It is always a question of living up to the position your studio demands that you maintain: swimming pools, cocktail parties, expensive homes.

Harrison's servants even turned up for work in Cadillacs or Buicks—and their pay was on the same high level. With the swimming pool went a poolman, although the gardener could have done the job just as well.

And if any of the stars rejected a part, they could be suspended without pay up to six months.

So Rex Harrison and his wife put their money into a British picture, "The Long Dark Hall," and now work together for the first time since "The Rake's Progress." David Niven, after a Goldwyn contract, takes a chance in a British musical, "Happy Go Lovely."

In future it will be Hollywood—but on a picture-to-picture basis. "That way," says Rex Harrison, "you can stay at a hotel, and not always have to

keep up with the Joneses down the road."

GROWING-UP

To mark Tyrone Power's rise from film star to successful stage actor in "Mister Roberts," in London, his studio prepares to give him more serious parts to play.

First will probably be a remake of an old Leslie Howard film, "Berkeley Square," with Power in the Howard role.

Tyrone Power welcomes the change. "After six months of Mister Roberts—that is how long I shall be in it—I wouldn't want to return to swashbuckling or rushing around with a sword in my hand."

"That would be like going back to the hors d'oeuvres after tasting the meat."

THE 'ENEMY'

War commentary by Groucho Marx: Korea can't hurt Hollywood any more than television has already.

—(London Express Service)

WEEK-END SCREEN FARE

My Foolish Heart (KING'S) is about a young girl who falls in love with a soldier and loses him a few days after Pearl Harbour. It is adapted from a story in the "New Yorker" and is a picture that Samuel Goldwyn took great pains to push up into the top feature list.

Its high points are some excellent acting by Susan Hayward as the girl, Dana Andrews as the soldier, and Lois Wheeler as Susan's college chum. Had it not been for a very ordinary story dragged out at stages to the point where it is painfully obvious what is to happen next and that doesn't happen soon enough, it would have been a memorable film if only for Dana Andrews and Susan Hayward in their best moments.

The Nevadan (ROXY & BROADWAY) is set in the Nevada Territory in the California gold rush era. Randolph Scott holds the six-shooter that maintains law and order and lots of other six-shooters keep popping.

Captain Blood (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) is a re-issue with Errol Flynn, at his dashingest, and Olivia de Havilland, an era when she was considered beautifully mediocval but not yet a dramatic star.

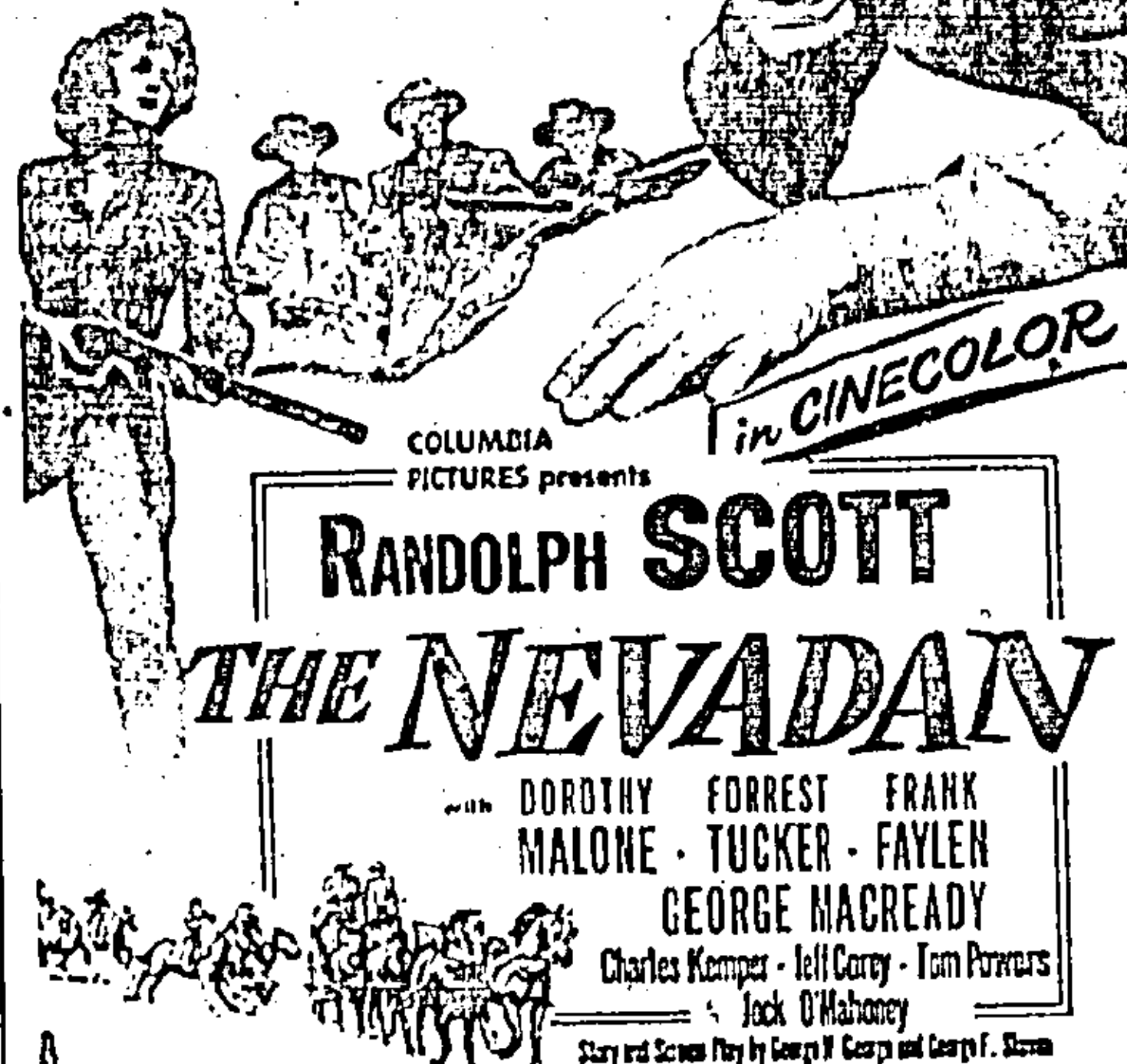
Animal Crackers (LEE) is on today with the four Marx Brothers—of which family Karl is not a member—and that family is really funny. A Trucolor, feature, "Belle of Old Mexico" opens its run tomorrow.

ROXY BROADWAY Theatre

AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE RAW AND
RUGGED STORY
OF NEVADA
TERRITORY!



A SCOTT-BROWN PRODUCTION Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS Produced by HARRY JOE BROWN

ROXY ADDED: Latest 20th Century-Fox Movietone News
BROADWAY ADDED: 3 Stooges' Comedy.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY AT 11.30 A.M.
Universal International
Presents
Bud Abbott • Lou Costello
"NAUGHTY NINETIES"
At Reduced Prices

BROADWAY at 12 Noon
"TERRYTOON TECHNI-
COLOR CARTOONS"
From 20th Century-Fox
Studios.

LIBERTY

Air-Conditioned

4 SHOWS TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
FAR EAST PICTURES presents

MISS PAI KWANG
IN
"THE SONG OF
RAINY NIGHTS"
歌雨
聲夜
IN MANDARIN DIALOGUE

MISS PAI KWANG IN PERSON SINGING
HER FAVOURITE SONGS ON THE STAGE.

SUNDAY MORNING PERFORMANCE AT 12.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY **Cathay** AT 2.30, 5.30,
7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FIRST SHOWING IN HONGKONG

A SUPER MANDARIN PICTURE PRESENT
"MURDER IN THE NIGHT"
STARRING: MISS PAI KWANG 夜人殺

Sunday Extra Showing:—"CARNEGIE HALL"

LIBERTY

Air-Conditioned

NEXT
CHANGE

KILLER PANTHERS! JUNGLE FIRES! SAVAGE THRILLS!



—(LIONEL LINTAS LTD. MAN. CHAS. BOND. A MODERN PICTURE)

Frank Owen, famous Fleet Street journalist, sees the THIRD Far Eastern war

STALIN TIES UP 150,000 FRENCHMEN

SAIGON. BESIDES Korea and Malaya, there is a third real, big battle going on in the Far Eastern war. It is the one in Indo-China.

This battle is nearly as large in numbers as that in Korea, larger in area, and senior in age. It has been going on for a couple of years. Few folk in Europe seem to have noticed it, which no doubt suits Stalin. He swallowed China while we were cheering the Berlin airlift.

General Marcel Carpentier has under command 150,000 regular troops in Indo-China. That in one-third of the entire regular army of France. No wonder, Stalin wants them tied down in the Far East—it means that they cannot be available in the Near West.

In the bin?

MEET the general. He is burned brown, spare, sinewy—he was a first-rate Rugby footballer and still is a first-rate tennis player with a shrewd, appraising brown eye.

His desk is absolutely clear, which means that either he deals promptly with business as it arrives or else (as I suspect) he promptly throws most of the mass of paper where it belongs, in the bin.

Carpentier fought alongside our Eighth Army in Tunisia and at Cassino. He is a personal friend of Field-Marshal Alexander and his old Chief of Staff, General Sir John Harding, now Commander-in-Chief in the Far East.

So Carpentier knew our people in war, and what he saw he liked. You would like him, too—he is almost as good-looking as that other Carpentier, and those who serve with him say he is as fine a fighter.

A Big Job

CERTAINLY he has just done a big job. In a campaign of many months he has cleared the Red River delta, the flat, fertile area of Northern Indo-China, which is one of the ricebowls of the world.

It is an achievement that compares in magnitude with Kitchener's pacification of the Sudan and the freeing of the Nile delta, source of Egypt's wealth and whole existence.

If the Communists in Indo-China could deny this precious food to the rest of the country (and to other Asian lands beyond), then they could literally bring all life there to a standstill.

Well, now, thanks to General Marcel Carpentier and his soldiers, they cannot.

It has not been a war in the shadows, like the one in Malaya where the chief trouble is to find your enemy. Here, there are 100,000 of him in the field, in battalions, regiments, divisions, and with artillery, engineers, signalers, and all the rest of the apparatus of a regular war. Here, you can really use your bomber and fighter force to strike at concentrations of 10,000 men—and they do.

But a quarter of France's air force is tied down here, too, which does not break Stalin's heart either.

Battle-tested

THESE troops are a pretty hard-bitten lot, all veteran and battle-tested. Half are coloured, Moroccan, Algerian, Tunisian, and Senegalese. Of the other, the white half, many are Foreign Legion, and, as usual, most of these soldiers of fortune are German. "And as usual," says the General, "they are not the worst soldiers."

(Before Harry Pollitt explodes about "these Fascist beasts," please ask him about the militarised police of the East German People's Democracy, and those former, but now apparently redeemed, "Fascist" repatriates from ex-enemy Hungary, Bulgaria, and Rumania.)

These French troops have possibly done some rough work; but not rougher than the Communists who may take prisoners but certainly do not keep them.

There is another delta in Indo-China that Carpentier has tied up, though I won't yet say—and he won't claim—he has thoroughly swept it.

This is the vast, muddy plain which surrounds Saigon. Life in the pleasant and shaded avenues of the "Paris of the East" can be agreeable enough; it can also be brief enough. Every few days somebody leaves a bomb through the open windows of an hotel or restaurant.

Last week they raided the great lighthouse at the mouth of the river and put out the light, so that sailors were placed in sudden unknown, because unsuspected, peril. The dirty dogs.

For journalists it is fair enough. They have killed one editor, two executives, missed one, and had a go at the Minister of Education and the chief censor.

Don't put your son on the Press, Mrs Worthington—anyway in Saigon.

Of course, besides truckloads of troops, jeeps, armoured cars, and the rest of the usual military paraphernalia, form-filling Saigon has a curfew.

But if you go to the Florence night-club the receptionist hands you a permit to stay out till closing time.

Girls said Yes

TO realise the grim facts behind this facade, the British Consul-General says that if invited to drive as far as Saigon's airport after dusk he would simply say "No."

Two girl secretaries from the American Embassy said "Yes" the other night. Both are dead, shot.

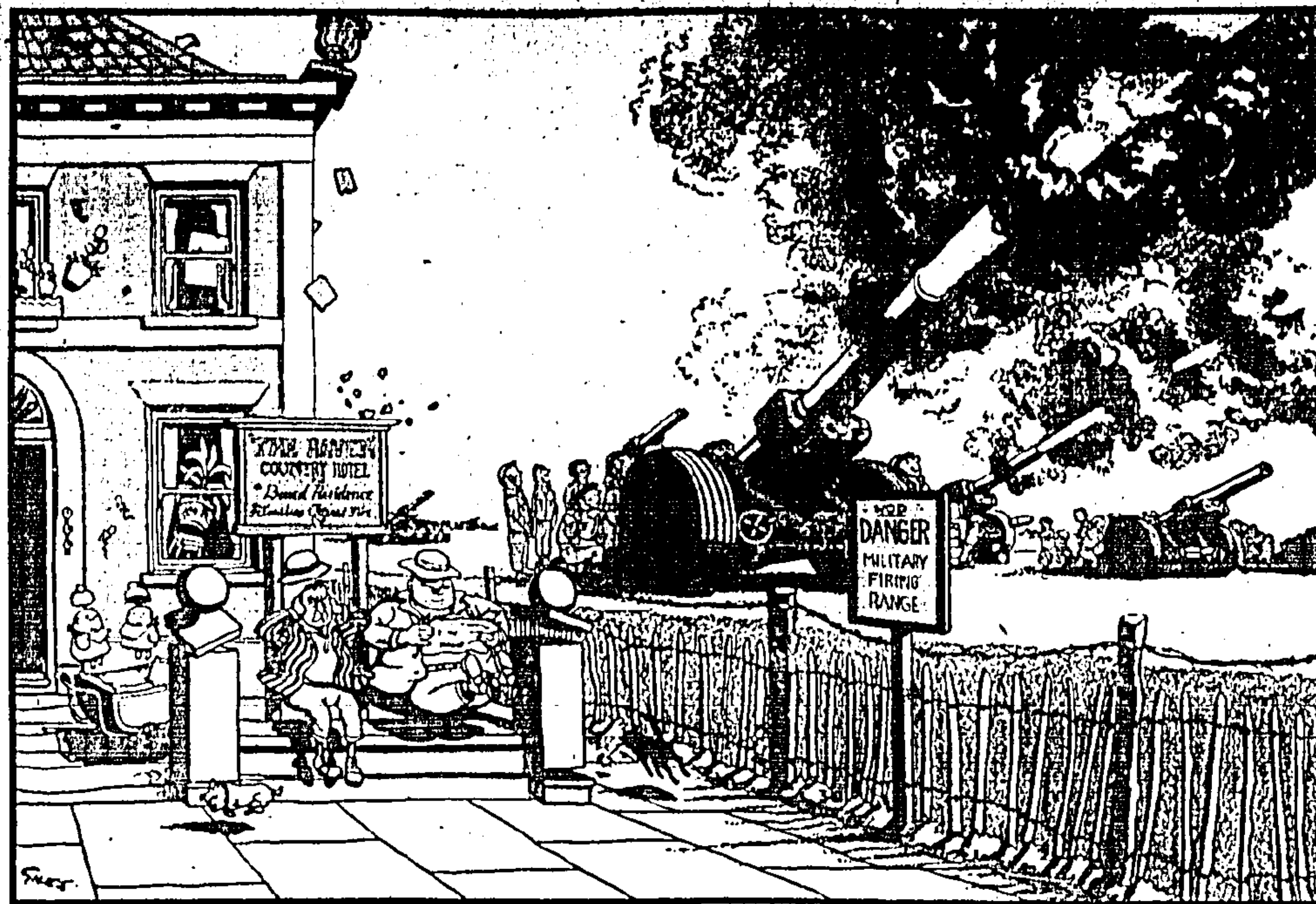
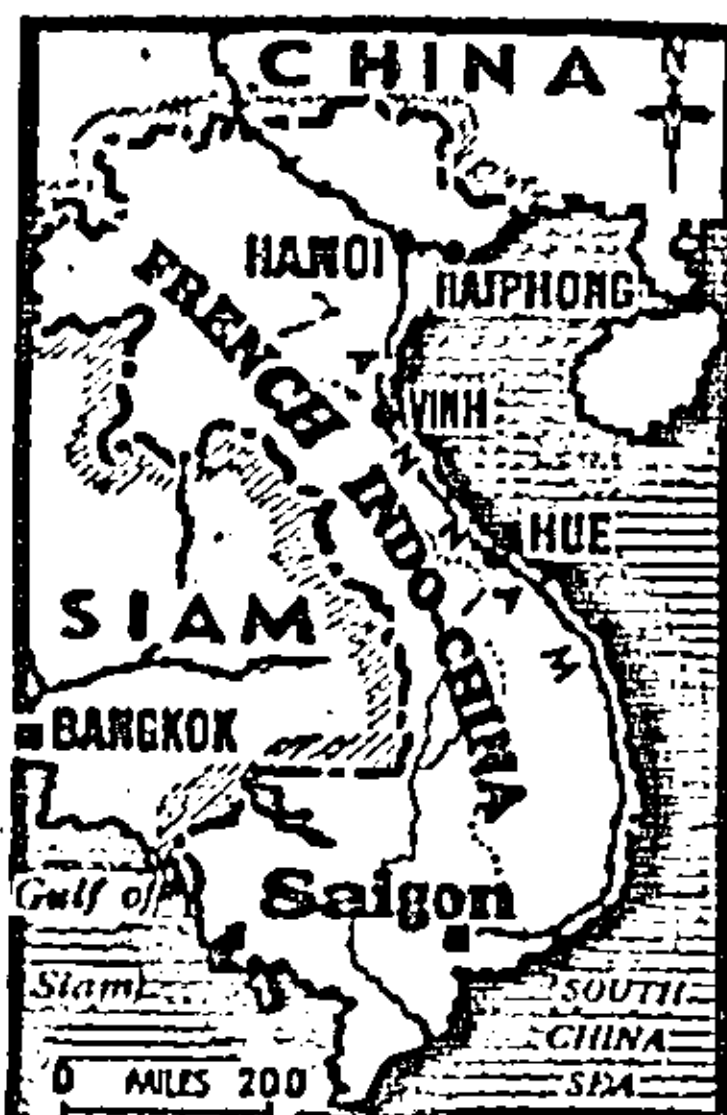
And you have only to drive a few miles along the main highways and see the tall watch-towers with machine guns mounted in their nests and always manned, and the jungle cut back on either side of the road beyond "ambush range," to grasp why these sentinels are needed.

The land all around is enemy. "Can't you roll them up?" I asked General Carpentier.

He gives me the old-fashioned look and says: "I could do that and perhaps more—if only I had more men to do it."

And he does not need to add: "But then, what about France herself?"

(London Express Service)



"The advert said: 'Take a holiday at our quiet hotel, AWAY FROM IT ALL.'"

London Express Service

The world's most wonderful Hall

Built like an egg in an egg-box

by ALAN BROCKBANK

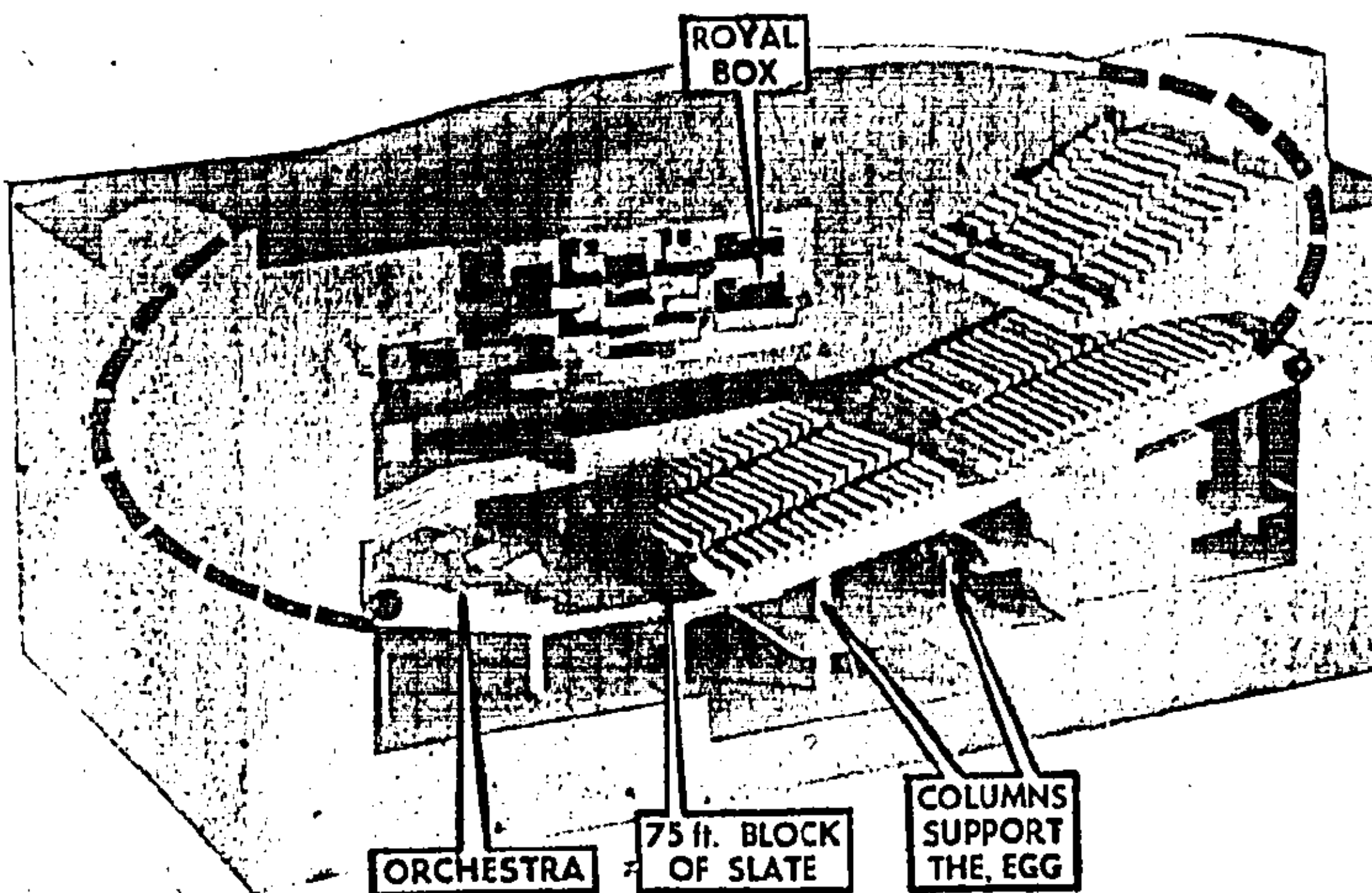
I HAVE just visited the most fantastic modern building in the world. It is the Royal Festival Hall on the South Bank of the Thames, designed to be part of the 1951 Exhibition.

When scientists, mathematicians, and sound experts joined the team of 15 L.C.C. architects to design the perfect concert hall, they decided to build it in the shape of an egg in an egg-box.

And they have done it. This £2,000,000 structure has been built around

Two skins

THE hall is suspended out by two skins of concrete, like an egg with flat 10 ins. thick, separated by sides in a box. Noise is kept a 12 in. air space.



Where the outer skin polished to give the touches supports, brick and maximum reflection of concrete is separated by sound; there will be no glass fibre matting to give carpet.

This battle against noise is carried to such an extent that not even heating and ventilation pipes pierce the skin. Only openings are the double doors of the hall, which are surrounded by soundproof "baffles."

Even the air in the auditorium will be "cleared" of noise before it is pumped in from the ceiling and extracted at floor level. This will be done by a 60 ft. baffle system operating on the principle of a car exhaust.

The egg shape was chosen after consultation with musicians and scientists; mathematicians worked out the size and shape.

Floor-strip

"We adopted rather the style of the Greek theatre with a raked auditorium and a stepped platform for the artists," said one of the architects, "and, like the Greeks, we have a sound reflector between the audience and the artists."

"The Greeks used an ornamental pool. The water reflected the higher frequencies which have a tendency to be absorbed before they reach the back of the hall."

"Instead of water, we are using a slab of Merloneth slate 75 ft. long by 15 ft. as a strip of floor between the first row of seats and the platform."

The platform and side walls will be highly wax

Percussion instruments (drums, etc.), will have a concrete platform of their own to reduce resonance.

This is a "tuned" concert hall, the only one in the world.

Tuned? Yes, just like a violin or piano. For scientists and mathematicians themselves cannot guarantee perfection. Musicians will eventually "tune" it by ear.

The walls are of removable panels of plywood, to be taken out, bored and fretted until almost an exact balance is obtained.

Resonance

ORCHESTRAS will play in the hall for three months next year while musicians listen and suggest alterations or modifications.

Fine tuning will be accomplished by taking out hundreds of six-inch plugs in the ceiling and substituting milk-bottle-shaped baffles.

Seating will be designed so that the empty hall will have the same properties of sound as if it were full.

The audience may think that the interlocking wood-facing constituting the lower walls of the hall is for decoration.

This is designed to absorb the lower frequencies.

The echo

LEATHER panels at the back of the hall are there not for beauty but to absorb echo.

Even the attractive ceiling design is a mathematician's answer to the demands of sound reflection.

When Signor Toscanini taps the rostrum with his baton and 3,000 people listen to the first concert next year, they will find that Britain has given a great new home to music and a great architectural lead to the world.

(London Express Service)

Once bitten—it's the end!

by BERNARD WICKSTEED

TROON. IT'S my belief that golfers are mad, and for that reason I've never willingly sought their company for fear of being bitten. You cannot be vaccinated against golf-bite. And there isn't a serum known to science that can save you once you are infected.

A doctor who deliberately goes to work in a loper colony is taking no greater risk than a healthy non-golfer going to the Open championship.

Even in your hotel at night you are not safe, because all the other guests are golfers, using the carpets in the lounges as putting greens. The course itself is like Letham. Ten thousand afflicted Britons, most of them with Scots accents, surge round, muttering meaningless phrases about bunkers, birdies, and bogeys.

Picture the scene. On one side, rising from the sea, are the mountains of Arran, and the sugar-loaf island of Ailsa Craig, and on the other is the fair lowland country made famous by that comparative paragon of sanity, Robert Burns.

Between the two and within a radius of 17 miles, there are 15 golf links, laid out on the sand dunes. Some of them are so close together that a strange golfer needs a map or a guide to keep him on the right course. (By strange I mean strange to the neighbourhood. All golfers are strange to me.)

In the crowd

THE championship was held on one of these 15 courses, called the links of Old Troon.

In the hope of winning it, competitors came from Egypt, South Africa, Australia, Belgium, and the Argentine, as well as all parts of the British Isles.

Mingling with the crowd, just as if I was one of them I followed two of the competitors round.

One was an apparently healthy looking South African in blue plus fours and a white cap. Someone said his name was Locke and that he won the championship last year.

The other was an American called Stranahan, who is said to be so mad on golf that he is never seen without a club in his hand.

After hitting the ball several times, they came to a green—you know, one of those places like a well-kept lawn with a hole in the middle and a flag in it.

The crowd was so frenzied it had to be kept back with ropes.

Both balls were lying on the green, and the two players came up and looked at them. Being so ignorant, I thought the men were going to hit them again. But oh, no, there was a long ceremony before they got round to each.

Each man walked round the ball several times looking at it as if wondering what on earth it was. Then they got down on their knees and looked from another angle. After this they seemed to forget about the ball altogether and walked about looking at the ground.

I thought they must have lost something, but the man next to me said they were studying the way the blades of grass were lying.

All this time, a crowd around me was whispering: "He fluffed this third... It hung on the lip at the fourth... The rough was knee-deep... Spoon, creek, bursae... Three-putted twice... He got an eagle... Bogeys, pars, mashes, iron, driver, albatross, caddies."

Suddenly all the whispering stopped, and there was a dead hush. One of the players was going to hit the ball again, and 4,000 fanatics held their breath. It trickled right up to the edge of the hole. Would it go in or wouldn't it?

The ball stopped half an inch short, and there were 4,000 agonised "Ohs." I have to confess that one of them was mine.

Wild stampede

THE moment both players had finished on this green, there was a wild stampede over the dunes. Up sandhills and down slopes of slippery grass, men, women, and children scrambled in a panic that they were going to miss something.

This went on for more than three hours. Sometimes two stampedes crossed each other's path, and the maddest golfing fairs became inextricably mixed.

During one of these clashes I ran into Desmond Hackett, golf reporter, who was talking to a chap he called Henry. I tagged along with them, and during a lull I asked Henry if he played much golf himself.

He turned round, and gave me a look as if I was sane.

Hackett interposed and said: "Sorry! Didn't I introduce you? This is Henry Cotton."

Something awful always happens to me when I come to this corner of Scotland. Last time I was here I got mumps, and spent six weeks in Ayr Isolation Hospital.

Who won the championship? I haven't the faintest idea. After the Cotton incident I was so terrified that someone would make my out a golf widow, and my children, golf orphans by forcibly teaching me to play the game that I got into my car and fled.

(London Express Service)

The Professor & his Christmas Tree

by Billy Rose

I GOT the story of the first Christmas tree. To America the other afternoon from my friend, the watchmaker down in Greenwich Village. As I've mentioned before, whenever I come down with a case of brain-blank, I break the 25-cent crystal on a \$2 wrist-watch I own and hot-foot it down to his shop on 11th Street.

While the old gent is fussing with my watch, I talk to him about these and that. As a rule, when I leave, my watchman has a new crystal and I have the material for a column.

When I got to his basement shop I noticed a gaudy-sized Christmas tree in the window. It was trimmed with toy timepieces, watch fobs, and a sprinkling of silver rain.

"You're rushing the season," I said pointing to the tree. "Christmas is the old man said, and Professor Charles Follen, the man who trimmed the first Christmas tree in America."

I handed him my watch. "Take plenty of time," I said, "with the watch and the facts."

"It was in 1824," the some-thingamajig began. "A political refugee named Charles Follen came to this country from Germany. Like a lot of other idealists of his time, this little Professor couldn't stomach the strong-arm methods of his country. He got a job at Harvard University—the first Professor of German in this country."

"A few months later Professor Follen got mixed up with the Abolitionists."

"Well, back in the 1820s, the folks who were against slavery

"Well, everybody came. Even those who had condemned the Professor as an agitator. Around eight o'clock, the Professor sneaked into the parlour and lit the tapers."

"Then Mrs Follen pulled back the sliding doors and unveiled the first Christmas tree ever seen in America."

"For a long moment the guests stared. Professor Follen's heart was somewhere up around his sinuses. Suddenly one of the kids let out a whoop and dashed for the tree. A moment later, everybody was cooing and nuzzling and nibbling on the sweets. Someone ran his fingers over the clavichord and a faculty member started singing a Christmas carol."

"The South were pretty unpopular. Soon the other teachers at Harvard were crossing the street when they saw Follen coming."

"One day the president of the University sent for the little fellow. He told him there had been a lot of complaints. 'The Board of Trustees was going to meet right after Christmas, and if the Professor didn't cut out this Abolition nonsense Harvard would probably cut out the Professor.'

"Well, it didn't look like much of a Christmas to Professor Follen as he walked home that afternoon. He got to thinking of the Christmas he had known as a kid in Germany—the toys, the painted eggs, the red-and-white candy, and, best of all, the Christmas trees."

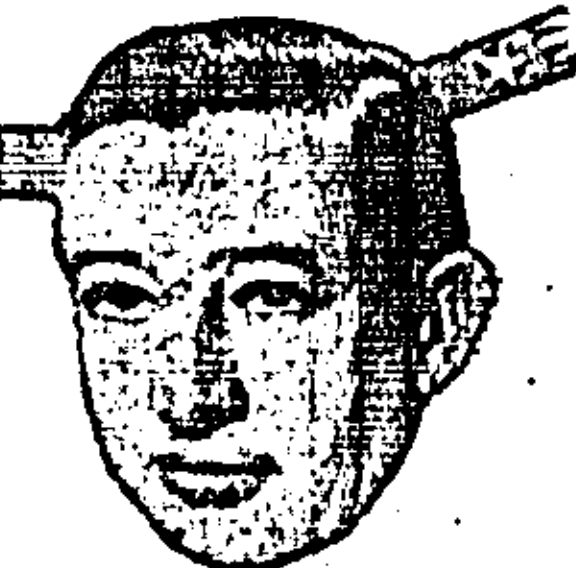
"The next morning the Professor cut down a small fir tree and planted it in a tub. His missus coloured it with corn-cobs and filled them with corn-cobs and barley sugar. When she and the Professor had finished decorating the tree, almost every twig was loaded with a goodie to eat or a pretty that sparkled. And then the Professor invited everybody he knew in Cambridge to bring their kids to his little boy's party."

"The next time you got it fixed," he said, "I'll tell you why Santa Claus stopped shaving."

"I dropped the watch on the floor. 'Ooops!' I said. 'That does it.'"

"I'm afraid not," smiled my friend, picking it up. "This time I put it in an unbreakable crystal."

(London Express Service)



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NEW YORK. EVERYONE is making more money than at any time in history. And that means wage-earners just as much as business and bosses.

Figures for June show that personal incomes for that month rose by more than \$430 million over May's figure. And May's figure had been good.

If that rate is maintained—and economists say that, with increased military production, it is a sure thing—1950 will break all records.

Trouble total for the year—around \$71,000 million. As for businesses, the first half of the year could hardly have been better.

Earnings of 300 leading firms topped the 1949 figure by 27 percent, and they are now paying out dividends at a record rate.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST—EVER dividend cheques was posted from the head offices of General Motors, whose profits are up 47 percent on last year. The cheque went to the Duponts, the family already comfortably off from nylon and a vast chemical empire.

The Duponts own 10,000,000 shares in General Motors, and that firm has just declared an extra dividend of 17½¢, 10¢, a share, in addition to its quarterly dividend of 10¢, 8¢.

NEARLY ALL that money and more of everyone else's would be ranked in by the Government if Senator Robert Taft, the Republican boss, has his way.

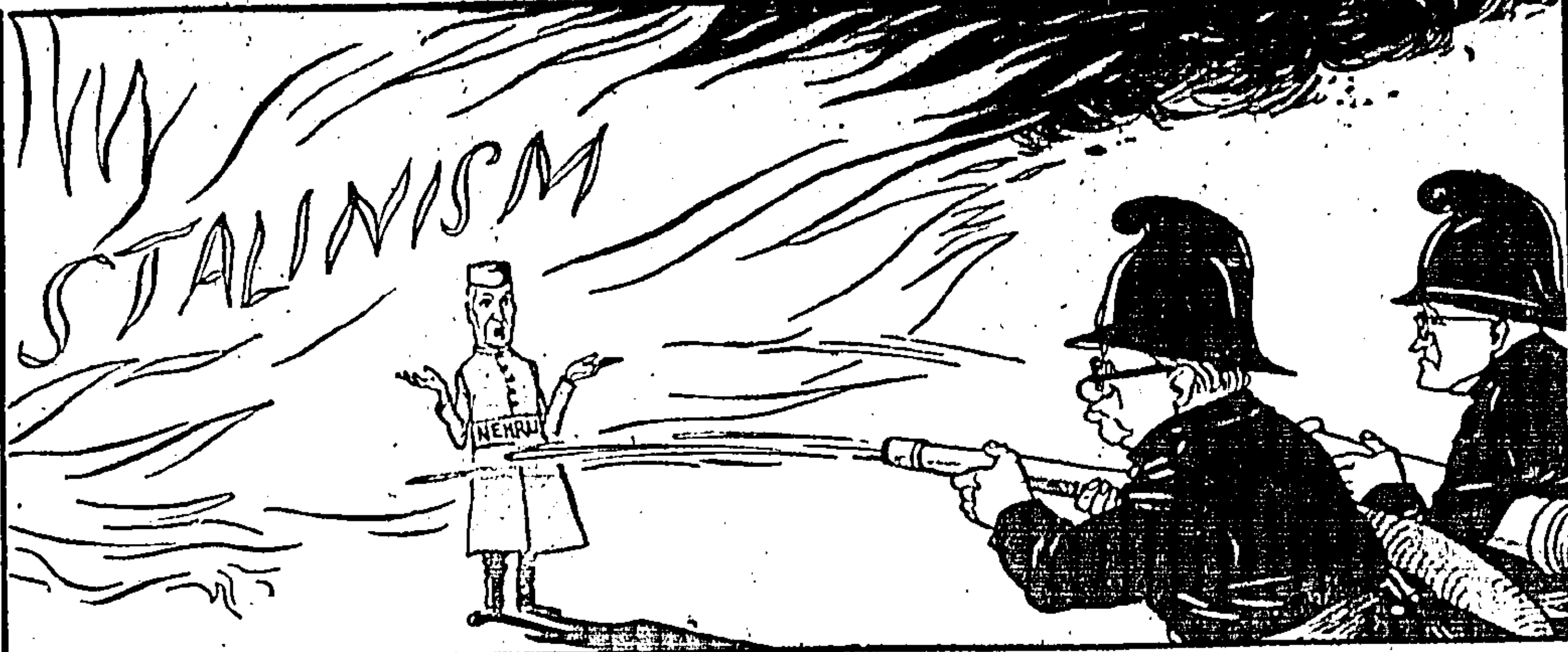
Taft has been saying for months that continued high taxation would ruin America, but today he surprised everyone by recommending that American firms on a pay-as-you-go basis.

To do this he suggested a \$4,000 million increase in taxes, nearly \$2,000 million above the hardest war year.

CONSOLIDATION offered by the New York Herald Tribune to Shirley May France: "Remember that neither Napoleon nor Hitler was successful in attacking the Dover cliffs. Cliffs of Dover, although both were carefully trained for the event."

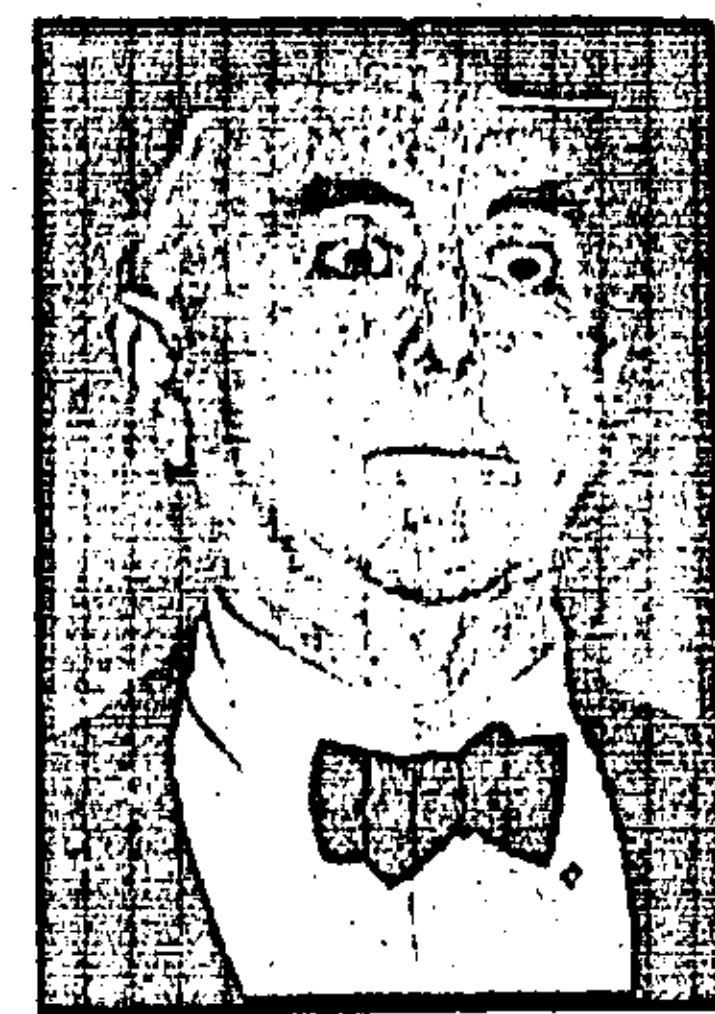
NEGROES are to be allowed to live out of Harlem. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, builders of two vast New York housing developments, has announced that its colour bar would be dropped.

IS KOREA the beginning of World War III? A firm "No" came from General Dwight D. Eisenhower. He does not expect to get into the Korea campaign because "They need young G.I.s out there, not old generals."



"Goodness me! You surely don't blame me for trying to mediate between opposing forces?"

(London Express Service)



FIRST-NIGHTER But he will never watch a music-hall show.

George ROBEY, 80, says: Retire? Never!

By HAROLD CONWAY

When he is not taking part in the touring revue presented by Mrs Robey—Blanche Litterer—Robey is in demand for special functions. (A fortnight ago he opened a Conservative fête in Brighton before 15,000 people.)

"What amuses me is the number of times I am asked to do charity shows for old people," he remarked. "I look around my audience, most of them younger than I am—and wonder if they shouldn't be entertaining me!"

"Well, what is your retiring date?" I asked Robey.

"Never—you're not going to see me retire!" he retorted, with a flash of the Robey bull-dog spirit.

Collar and wig

ROBEY is unhappy, his wife confided to me, unless he can still put on his wig, his grease-paint and his clericalman's collar—and smell the atmosphere of a theatre.

"When my show is playing too far away from London, I persuade George to stay at home for the week," she said. "But it's always a restless week, the violin hobby is a thing of the past—although he still keeps his violin—and I can't get him to read."

So, on these idle days, the comedian who has become part of Britain's theatrical history feeds the ducks in St James's Park, does his jig-saw puzzles, and sketches on the backs of torn-up postcards, those auto-graphed caricatures of himself of which he has given tens of thousands away during the past twenty years.

Or just gazes contentedly around the walls at countless

memories of his triumphs in all parts of the world. (Occupying the illuminated place of honour, an oil-painting of himself as Falstaff—his one and only Shakespearean role—which was once exhibited at the Royal Academy.)

Bonfire spree

ONE other old hobby he has had to give up—building and lighting bonfires in the garden. There is no garden now, except for an occasional spectacular spree when he spends the day in the country with his brother-in-law, Prince Litterer.

But there remains the fascination of untangling knots in pieces of string—a habit Robey has never been able to resist as long as I have known him. There were plenty of knotted strings about the flat handy for him to pick up as we talked.

To sit quietly chatting with Robey, while his eyes wander round the picture-gallery walls, is to experience a certain feeling of sadness at the demonstrable passing of time. But ask him to tell you a couple of new "gags"—and watch the sudden transformation.

The figure straightens up with a jerk, the eyes sparkle, the low voice takes on something of the old resonance and punch. The audience is only one—but it is an audience, and George Robey is, almost miraculously, the mock-aggressive music-hall star again.

The laziness!

IT takes a little encouragement as that for these 80 years to drop lightly away. The greyness and the eyebrows aren't even necessary.

That is the Robey I am sure audiences will see, and hear once

again exclaiming, "Well, I meant to say!" at the Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich, on September 20—when he celebrates his 81st birthday.

George Robey will be working that week—and at the theatre which Blanche Litterer controlled for 30 years where she first met him in 1929, when he appeared there in the revue Bits and Pieces. She has arranged the September booking as a commemorative treat for them both.

When Robey goes to other people's shows it is never to a music-hall. I asked him why. "Too many of the present-day performers—especially those American ones—make me all hot and bothered, he confessed. "Why, they don't even wear make-up or comic dress. The laziness of it!"

(World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service.)

CRIME QUIZ

THE ALPINE CLIMBER
By Leonard Gibble
Sketches by A. E. Morley



Police found battered body of John Kent, a well-known Alpine climber, at the foot of a granite hill near his home. They had been searching for him since he was last seen on the previous night for a long hill walk and had not returned.



The head was badly battered and the clothes torn, but the victim, identified by means of a large triangular mole on his chest, was his brother-in-law, who was climbing with him. The body was found by a villager with the Kent, who claimed her husband had left home on the previous night for a long hill walk and had not returned.



Mrs. Kent seemed surprised when the police asked to be shown the body, but she was told that her husband had not come to bed at all the previous evening. The police searched for a suit of soiled evening clothes.

(Solution: Page 25.)

POCKET CARTOON



London Times Service

How pleasant to meet Mr. Eliot...

● The play that swept Broadway, divided the London critics and puzzled audiences, has passed its 100th performance—and is earning its author £500 a week. The world's most famous poet says he is astounded.

by MILTON SHULMAN

IT is difficult to believe that Thomas Stearns Eliot ever was an American. His clothes, his language and his surroundings conspire to conceal it.

The striped trousers, black jacket, white shirt, sombre tie, meticulously placed pocket handkerchief, black hat and inevitably rolled umbrella, the well-phrased, careful, deliberate speech, the yellow-walled publisher's office, with its heaps of books on shelves and floor, make up that blend of fastidiousness and untidiness which is so characteristic of the English professional classes.

Yet Eliot can trace his American lineage back to 1670, when Andrew Eliot, a cord-wainer, came to Massachusetts from East Coker, Somerset.

His adoption of British nationality in 1927 and the award of the Order of Merit in 1949 have completed a process of reversion which probably indicates that Boston and East Coker are not so far apart after all.

So prim...

How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot!

With his features of clerical cut.

And his brow so grim

And his mouth so prim

And his conversation, so nicely restricted to "What Precisely"

And if and perhaps and but

This oft-quoted self-portrait is only half true. "Clerical cut" not only describes the high forehead and regular features, but also his stiff, neat attire and the tall frame which the academic stop, around the shoulders which makes Eliot vaguely resemble a benign

crane in horn-rimmed glasses.

And the preciseness, too, is certainly there. In the punctilious manner of the hair, in the deliberate manner in which the cigarette is firmly held at its very tip, in the slow procession of scrupulously selected words.

But it is far from unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot. For he is too modest, too anxious to co-operate, and too conscious of his own limitations to make meeting him anything but a pleasure.

The success of his latest play, "The Cocktail Party," has not

been and astounded T. S. Eliot. Recognition of his pre-eminence in creating that mixture of rhythm, imagery and obscurity known as modern poetry has long been acknowledged by fellow poets and literary critics.

It brought him in 1949 the Nobel Prize for literature.

The pioneer

THERE was also a certain limited public which was conscious of his pioneer work in modern poetic drama as demonstrated in his plays "Murder in the Cathedral" and "The Family Reunion." But it was not until his sixty-first year that he succeeded in producing a work which satisfied his artistic integrity and attracted the attention of the vast, popular public as well.

As a playwright, Eliot still finds the dramatic form elusive and difficult to master. He often relies upon a chart to help him increase and decrease the number of people on the stage.

Eliot is not greatly concerned about those critics who protested that the verse of "The Cocktail Party" was too blank to be called poetry, and it is to my own principles, he said, "But if some people like to think it is prose and that kind of prose affects them properly, why that's all right with me."

That the average theatre-goer should be confused by "The



WITH HIS FEATURES OF CLERICAL CUT... T. S. Eliot

Cocktail Party," with its mixture of sophisticated chit-chat and poetic spiritual mysticism, is hardly surprising.

For Eliot's poetry is so filled with literary allusions and unfamiliar images that "obscure" is the adjective most frequently used to describe it.

Eliot admits, however, that a play whose meaning is to be grasped by a listening public cannot afford to be as incomprehensible as a poem. "I think my plays are getting less obscure with practice," he said.

T. S. Eliot, a seventh and youngest child, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1898. His father, who became president of the St. Louis Hydraulic Press

Brick Company and his mother, who wrote a dramatic poem on the life of Savonarola, provided him with that commercial and intellectual environment which accounts for the two-way traffic of Eliot's interests.

Shy and rather bookish, Eliot studied philosophy at Harvard, intending some day to teach it.

A travelling scholarship in 1914 took him to Germany and the outbreak of war sent him to Britain. America was only to see him as an occasional visitor after that. He married a ballet dancer, Vivienne Haigh, the daughter of a British artist in 1925, and the next year taught small boys in Highgate mathematics, French, Latin, geography, swimming and baseball.

Bank clerk

UNABLE to get into the U.S. Navy because of poor health, Eliot gave up teaching for a full-time job in Lloyds Bank, and the writing of poems and literary essays in his spare time.

In 1923 Eliot became the editor of the small, but influential, literary magazine The Criterion, and two years later he left banking to become a director of the newly-founded publishing house Faber and Gwyer, now Faber and Faber.

As a publisher, he is not only the firm's expert on poetry, but he is also a conscientious compiler of blurbs for book jackets. He finds it an exacting task.

"I don't know how to grow asparagus, or how to im-

prove your lawn tennis, or the best diet for a six-month-old baby, but I have to write blurbs about them," he said.

Eliot has a hard-headed approach to the question of poetry as a career. He does not believe a poet can make a living out of his art alone. "A poet should take an outside job to earn his livelihood," he said. "It should be the kind of work that interferes least with his poetry."

Eliot himself has not done too badly out of his poetry. It has been estimated that his annual royalties are in the neighbourhood of £2,500. "The Cocktail Party," of course, is currently bringing him much more—over \$500 a week.

Eliot has said that beneath the beauty and ugliness of the world a poet should be able to see its boredom, its horror and its glory. The three words provide neat labels—probably too neat—for describing Eliot's own poetry and his own artistic development.

Boredom dominates the poems written before 1920.

In "The Waste Land" (1922) and "The Hollow Men" (1925) the horror evoked at the decay and futility of life not only mirrored the mood of the postwar generation, but also reflected a period of Eliot's life that was pitted with illness and personal sorrow.

They attack him

ELIOT's third phase begins with "Ash Wednesday" (1930) and continues on to the "Four Quartets" (1943). These poems, with their deeply religious yearning towards the glory of Christianity flow naturally from Eliot's conversion to the High Church, and his rejection of the agnosticism and barrenness of the Waste Land.

Eliot's statement that he is a classicist in religion, an Anglo-Catholic in literature, and a Royalist in politics, has subjected him to as much abuse from the political Left as his poetry has received from the literary Right.

Between his activities as a publisher, his duties as a churchwarden at St. Stephen's in Kensington, and his writing, Eliot leads a regular, busy and rather lonely existence. His wife died in 1945, after being in a nursing home since 1930, and he now lives in an old-fashioned flat in Chelsea.

Although Eliot's mental act of composition very difficult. He starts with rough notes in pencil and then writes his verse directly on a typewriter. He revises a great deal and is constantly typing fresh drafts. It took him 10 months—off and on—to complete "The Cocktail Party."

Dinner at 7.30

HE seldom goes to the theatre but once or twice a year. "I would like to go to the theatre more often," he said, "but the starting times of plays interfere with my regular dinner hour which is at 7.30."

Although Eliot collected poems for only a slim volume, their effect on his generation has been likened to the little musk that scents a whole room.

Eliot has written no poems since 1943 when he finished the "Four Quartets." At present, poetic drama provides him with a more satisfactory medium for saying what he has to say.

He is toying with the idea of another play in modern dress. "Poetry comes in spells," he said. "There have been several periods when I felt I have been written out and then something has happened to make me write some more."

That something will happen, again to stimulate the world's most famous living poet—some say its greatest—to write more poems, there seems little cause to doubt.

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LIFE IN A CAGE IS NOT SUCH A BIND

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

TO people who go to zoos it comes this advice from one of the world's leading experts on animals:—

1. Do not waste your pity on "the poor caged lions, denied the right to roam in full freedom."

No lion, captive or wild, ever wants to roam if it can lie down instead. And that goes for most of the creatures in zoos.

The expert, Professor H. Hediger, Chief of Switzerland's magnificent Basle Zoo, has put the feelings of captive animals into proper perspective by publishing his experiences in a 207-page scientific treatise, "Wild Animals in Captivity," published by H. Hediger, Butterworths, 35s.

It stresses three surprising facts:—

1. NO WILD animal living in its natural haunts has full liberty. Each is restricted to a sharply limited area which it must defend against usurpers.

2. WILD CREATURES are fundamentally lazy. They move only when they have to. The false idea that they are energetic has arisen because humans usually see them in flight.

Even eagles, which to human eyes seem to soar for the joy of it, really fly only to find food. When meat is provided for them they become the laziest creatures in the zoo, hardly stirring a feather.

3. WHEN captive animals have escaped into country where they could lead normal lives they have often returned to their cages. This happened with a herd of roe-deer which escaped from Basle Zoo into a nearby forest where wild roe-deer lived.

Of course, a wild animal's living space is always much

bigger than the cages provided in zoos. But Hediger maintains that once an animal becomes tame its territorial needs shrink.

A wild lion must lord it over several square miles of bush in and enough to eat. If it were fed artificially its living space would immediately shrink to an area about 500 yards wide—the distance it must put between itself and an enemy before it can feel safe.

This instinctive "flight reaction" completely disappears when an animal is tamed. So its final requirements come down to the size of the modern zoo cage.

Hediger admits that zoo life must be boring. But it has recompenses. Animals raised in captivity are usually bigger and stronger. They get the finest medical attention when they fall ill. And they live much longer.

So don't worry if the lion roams in a cage.

(London Express Service)

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A MILITARY wedding which attracted wide interest was that between Lt-Col Robert Logan Finlayson, REME, and Capt. Irene Pendry, QARANC, which took place last Saturday. Above and at right are three pictures taken at the church and the reception that followed at the REME Officers' Mess. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



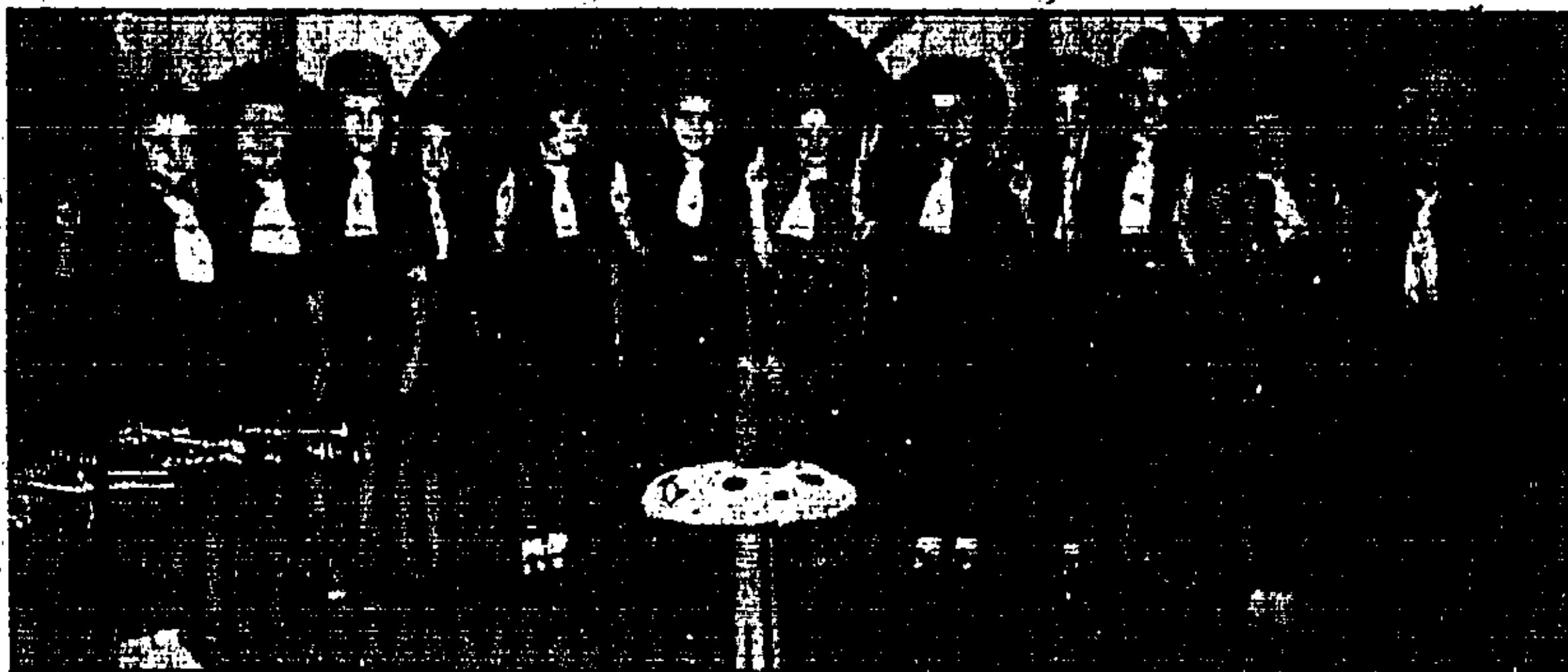
SIR Robert Ho Tung presenting certificates to graduating nurses at the Nethersole Hospital last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR and Mrs W. Gockson with their son, Joffrey, and his fiancée, Miss Irene Sheng of Shanghai. Picture was taken at a party given to announce the young people's engagement. (Francis Wu)



LEFT: MR H. J. M. Vanthall presenting a farewell gift to Mr William M. Clower (facing camera) at a cocktail party at the Masonic Hall last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

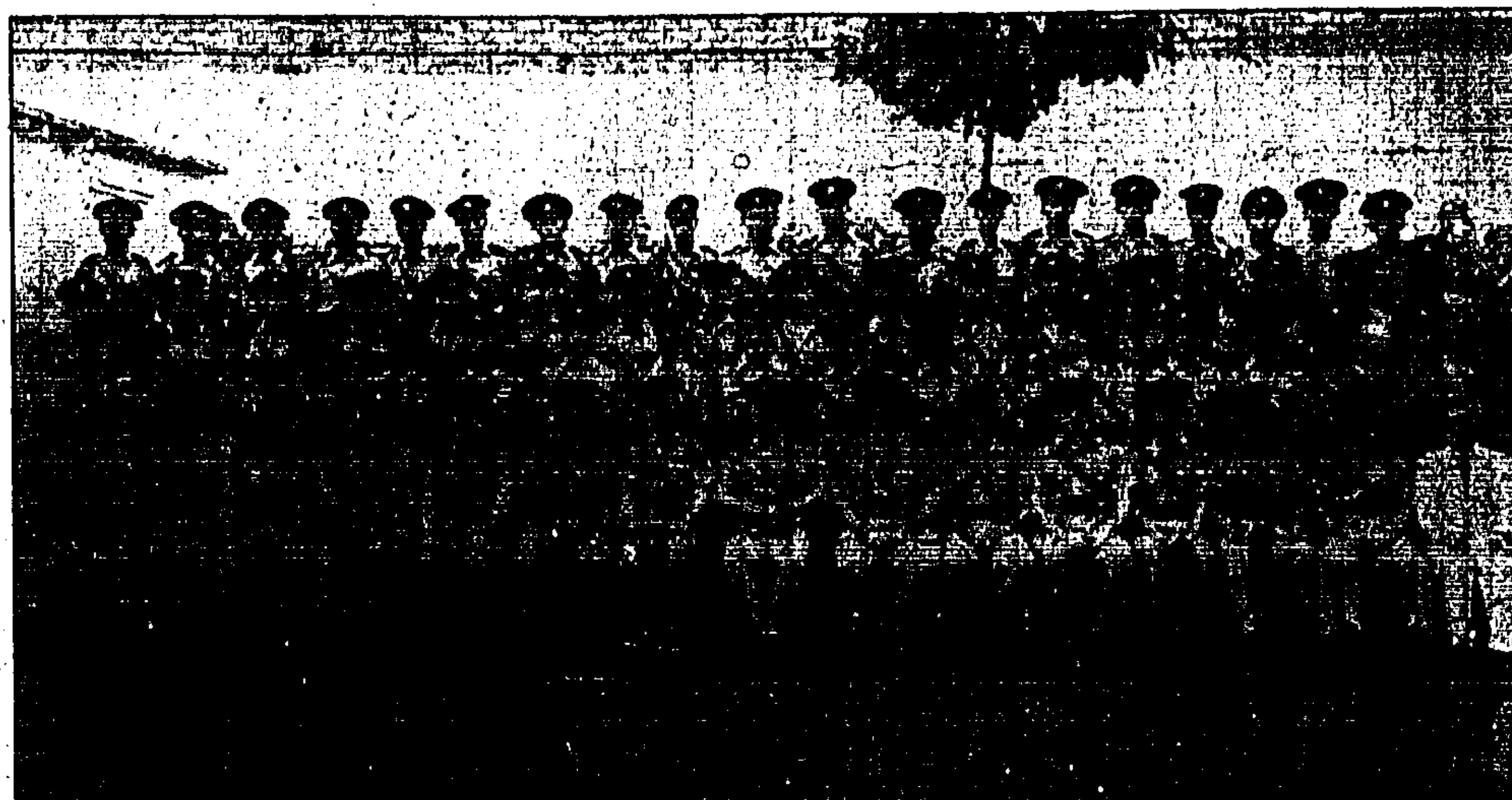


TEA party given by members of the Russian Orthodox Church recently. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr Charles G. Smith and his bride, formerly Miss Phyllis Baldwin. They were married last week at the Kowloon Union Church. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

MEMBERS of the Peak School Brownie Pack pose for a photograph. (Ming Yuen)

GROUP picture taken after the wedding at the Rosary Church last week of Mr Germano Nicolau Gosano and Miss Alda Maria Yvanovich Marques. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



STAFF of the Victoria Remand Prison photographed with Mr W. Shillingford, Commissioner of Prisons (seated in centre), who is shortly leaving the Colony on retirement.

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"Fashion is a courtier, not an autocrat. Far too intelligent
to dictate, she diplomatically makes suggestions"
says Mattli

London shows the 'taper line' for Autumn



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: The first of these Autumn models is Digby Morton's rust and purple tweed suit, with straight jacket and wide turn-back revers. The second is Mattli's tweed suit with huge fur collar. The third is Digby Morton's "Spiral Line" in a wrap-around coat in knishier blue over a black tulip-line skirt. The last is Hardy Amies' Taper Line as seen in a deep grey velvet top coat with low pockets and double-breasted fastening, large collar and low half-belt at the back.

London. Fashion's silhouette of last year, where great drapes of material helped create a wind-blown look. Praise for an immaculate, comprehensive, and well-planned collection, which included suits and overalls, day dresses, and coats. "After Six" dresses, and dinner and evening gowns, must go to Hardy Amies. "There is a reverence for revers," he says. Many were large enough to boast pockets. Others unfashioned to become twice as large.

Autumn Shades

Scottish hawthorn and nap-cloth, Cumberland homespun, brushed velvet, saxon, and diagonal English wool were the fabrics; tan, copper, mulberry, and black, the colours. On the classic suits we noticed a softer line at the back of the skirt—fanned by two wide unpressed box pleats. Finely tucked chiffon was used for tailored shirts, and black sequined lace for a blouse beneath a black lambswool suit. Hardy Amies stated emphatically that he did not like orange and tangerine shades, and many of his clothes were simply "pink." But what a pink! It was a glowing corse that made the dresses of the large audience look dull by contrast. "Young Wine" was the name of a crimson Lyons velvet coat, full-skirted, with cape collar, worn over a crimson Nottingham lace dress. For his "After Six" dresses all short, and none with cover-up jackets, he used black rayon with a copper metal stripe, and a gurgling heavy lace, with a mulberry polka dot, pure silk velvet, and a mulberry slipper suit. "Fireworks" was the name of a spangled black chiffon dress glittering with multi-coloured sequins, like tiny flickering points of light.

The Silhouette

The "Taper Line" was most noticeable in two collections, those of Digby Morton and Hardy Amies. The silhouette is wide at the top narrowing to an almost hobbled skirt. In some cases the effect is somewhat masculine, as in Hardy Amies' dark-dust-grey velvet top coat, sketched here. This designer introduced a lighter version which he called the "Saque Coat" to wear over dresses.

Many of Digby Morton's coats are reminiscent of the elegant timeless topcoats always associated with Queen Mary, but perhaps his most startling adaptation of the tapered line is the coat cut with an entire spiral hem. It can be worn with equal effect over day or evening clothes, and the model sketched here has four lines of stitching round the edge.

These are the coats that the younger fashion-conscious girls will like. The fact that they have no fastenings, and must be wrapped round and held in place is an immediate attraction. Their mothers will find it no novelty—in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties when these coats went with enormous flat sailor hats and long straight skirts. They have two advantages, when you have acquired sufficient dexterity to keep them in place and prevent them flowing out behind as you walk. They are extremely comfortable and easy to wear, cover up many figure faults, and enable you to adopt the newest and most elegant "blown forward" pose. This is not to be confused with Jacques Doucet's "blown forward" pose.

House Inspiration

Double-faced fabrics, in some cases showing differing patterns, curious shadow and shot effects in tweeds, and jersey fabrics woven in tweed designs were adapted perfectly to country suits. Colour themes were inspired by the mellowed tones of the exterior of great English houses. Some of the new colour names include Pantile Pink, Cotswold Stone, Tudor Brick, Carriage Green, Sandstone. The blouse materials are unique in this country, most of them being printed from the eighteenth century hand blocks. Stripes worked into chevrons, and a jacket edge thonged with strapping of its own material.

... and here are Eileen Ascroft's BASIC RULES

6 steps to BEAUTY

- 1—THE RIGHT FOUNDATION** is the key to the picture, slightly pink-tinted to warm a sallow skin, creamy-toned to take down too rosy a complexion, greasy for a very dry face, non-greasy for an oily skin. Audrey White, a red-haired professional model, uses a light-textured, slightly tinted foundation cream to suit her normal rather pale complexion.
- 2—PAINTING WITH FACE POWDER** is a make-up secret which anyone can learn. It is merely the art of accentuating the good features with a light powder and softening the bad features with a darker tone. Audrey has an attractive oval face, but her lower brow and nose, but her lower jaw is inclined to be heavy, so she highlights the upper part of her face with a lighter face powder. She also finds that the darker-toned powder used each side of her nose has a skin-deriding effect. Under electric light a darker shade of powder is needed than by daylight.
- 3—THE BEST FEATURE** should be emphasised, be it eyes or mouth. Whichever it is, it should be more heavily made up than the other. Audrey has a lovely mouth and paints it a vivid pink with a paint-brush, which gives a more lasting and even effect. After the first application she dabs her lips with face powder, then gives them a second coat and blots with a face tissue. A darker shade is needed again by electric light.
- 4—EYES** can be altered by make-up more easily than any other feature. Audrey uses a blue-green eye shadow at the inner corners, upper edges of the lids to give a wider-apart effect. Brown mascara used on the upper lashes only, in an upward sweep, makes her eyes look larger than they really are. Mascara on the lower lashes usually gives a rather hard look.
- 5—THE NECK** should not be forgotten. Nothing uglier than make-up which ends abruptly at the chin. Everything the face has—cream, foundation, powder, massage—the neck should have, too. Many a beautifully preserved face has been betrayed by an ageing neck.
- 6—ROUGE** must be subtle. If not, it is better to leave it alone. It should always tone with the lipstick—in fact, Audrey uses a smear of lipstick for her cheeks. Carefully blended rouge can help to soften bad features. Used high and outwards on the cheekbones, it can slim a wide face; used nearer the nose, it can give width to the cheeks. A very prominent chin can be camouflaged by blending in a tiny spot of rouge. General rule for rouge application is in the form of a triangle of tiny dots before blending it into the cheeks.

American hat for Queen Mary

Queen Mary is having her first American hat designed for her by Freddie Fredericks, of New York. Patricia Hardie, who has been touring the States with Queen Mary's hand-made carpet, will bring it back to England.

Mrs. Carmel Snow, editor of Harper's Bazaar, predicts Black Rose as one of autumn's top colours. She favours it because "it is one of the most difficult things to find in fashion, a colour which is both dark and bright," and describes it as a dark bright red. American fashion experts have already launched the new shade in all kinds of clothing, cosmetics, hair tints, furs, jewellery, flowers, upholstery, car linings and even cocktails.

(London Express Service)

THESE THREE GIRLS WILL BE WEARING THE WORLD'S NEWSIEST CLOTHES

MARION Dior's No. 1 **SOPHIE** The Sophisticate **GIGI** The Tomboy—with Beauty Appeal



JOHN FRENCH says...

THE most carefully selected clothes-wearers on earth await the fashion test of all. In the Paris salons where fashion affairs, it is they who will take the first decisive step—that critical moment when the ideas of the man who creates clothes first meet the people who pay. The girls who smooth the path must therefore be products of the world's most famous stylists. Hardie



and belated, they take a heavy top dressing to set off the trends the fashion world is waiting for. I select from the season's most distinctive models who will be modelling the Paris collection. MARION, the new name among the Christian Dior



girls. Usually known as "the incomparable Sophie," her hairstyle is conspicuously elegant with that smooth, brushed-right-back brow-line without a parting and neatly waved bits to cover her ears. GIGI, the back of Pierre Balmain's models. She's been chosen because of her tomboy look combined with classical features. Her eyes are sparkling, and she has an "eye-appeal" to please the truncheon. For her hair, a Sun-dart-cut, with the top brushed slightly forward and the sides well back.

(London Express Service)



LEFT: Group picture taken after the wedding of Mr Peter Anthony Dilloway and Miss Jean Dulcie Whitley. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Jacqueline Anne, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. A. Edwards, celebrates her fourth birthday with her friends. (Mainland Studio)

THE anniversary of the establishment of the Republic of Korea was marked on Tuesday by a cocktail party given by the Korean Consul-General, Mr Lee Jung-bang, who is seen above (right) with HE the Officer Administering the Government, Mr J. F. Nicoll (centre), and Mr J. R. Wilkinson, U.S. Consul-General. Top right: Guests being received. Below: Snapped at the party were Air Commodore A. D. Davies, Mrs and Miss Davies and the Portuguese Consul, Dr E. Brazao. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



FAREWELL party given to Miss Margaret Yu, Miss Cecilia Koo and Mr Chan Shing-kee, who are shortly leaving the Colony, by First Year Arts students of the Hong Kong University. (Ming Yuen)



DR A. W. El-Akeri, of Baghdad, speaking at the Hong Kong celebration of Pakistan's Independence Day this week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken during the finals of the Nine Dragons Club table tennis tournament. L/Cpl Howell (left) defeated Pto Scrivings. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the eighth birthday party for Michael Peach, held at the Hong Kong Electric Recreation Club. (Ming Yuen)



MR Ujagar Singh, President of the India Association of Hong Kong, speaking at the Indian Independence Day celebration, held at the Sikh Temple. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

FRIENDS of Donald, son of Mr and Mrs D. J. Boyd, and Sandal, daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Y. Honeycutt, at their joint second birthday party last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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AT the laying of the foundation stone of the Hong Kong University's new Women's Hostel on Wednesday. Left: Sir Robert Ho Tung, who donated a million dollars for the building, speaking at the ceremony. Above: HE the Officer Administering the Government, Mr J. F. Nicoll, and Lady Nicoll. Below: Mrs. L. Y. Kider, the Vice-Chancellor. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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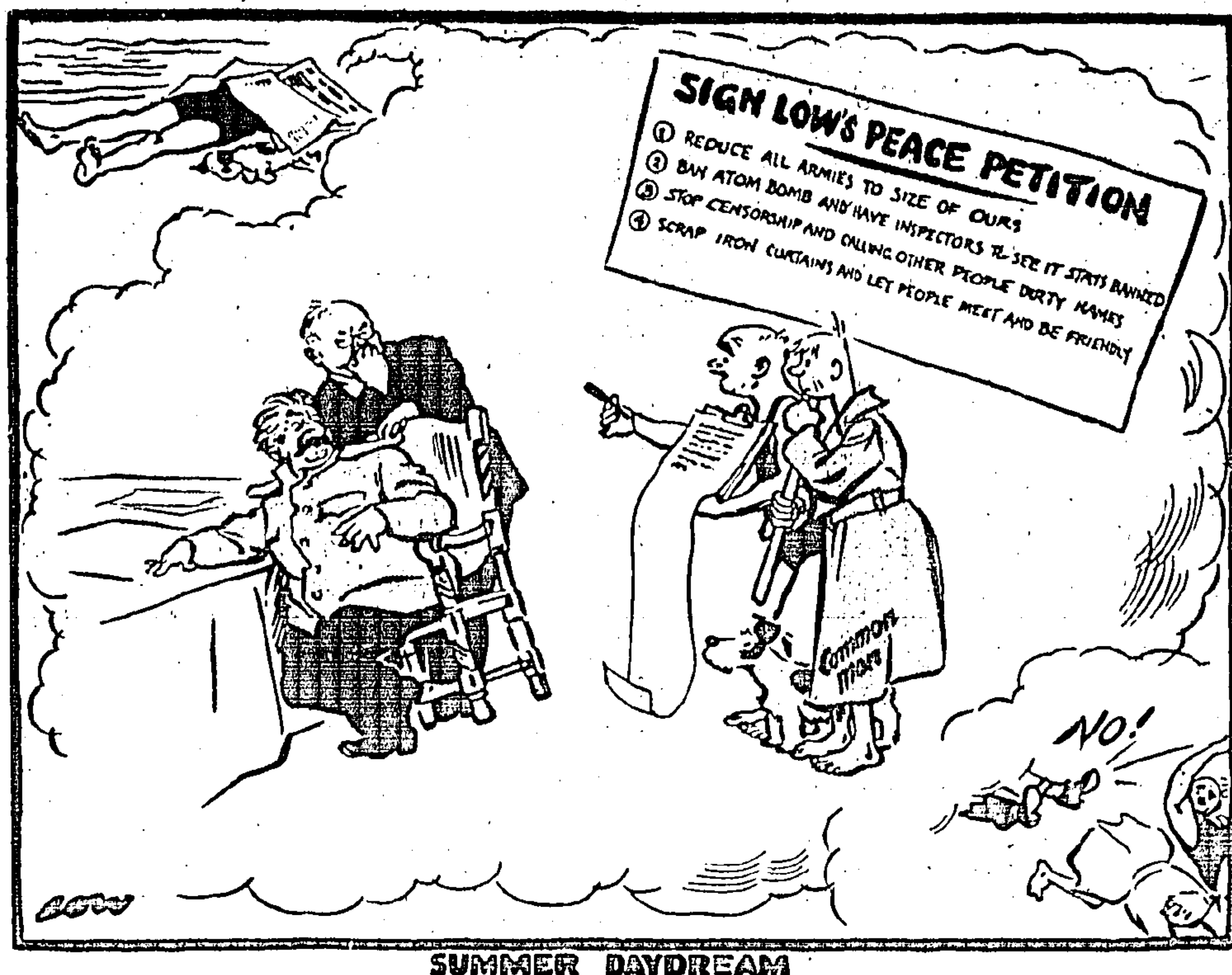
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SUMMER DAYDREAM

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An elephant that remembered

Two stories by the man who knows more about elephants than anyone else

By William Brown

Elephant Bill is back home. He has left the teak forests of Burma and his herd of 800 elephants and returned to farm 120 acres of his native Cornwall.

No elephants now. Just a herd of cows and the peace of St Levan, near Penzance.

Lieut.-Colonel James Howard Williams, official Elephant Adviser to the 14th Army in Burma, knows more about elephants than any other man.

He loves all elephants—and knows many by their names.

JUST A MYTH

Today he is writing the life story of Bandoola, his pet elephant, who was with him throughout the war.

But Elephant Bill has many other stories to tell: such as the strange tales of Old Mortality and Miss Smooth.

I asked him about the legend of a graveyard of elephants hidden in the jungle, a treasure house of ivory awaiting some lucky explorer.

"Just a myth," said Elephant Bill. I asked him why dead elephants are so seldom found. And that was how Elephant Bill came to tell his story. I have called it—

OLD MORTALITY

The story of how an old bull came to vanish

NOW take the case of a fine old bull elephant that has stopped following the herd at about the age of 75. His chieftain is sunken, his teeth worn out. Old age and obesity slowly overtake him. He's too tired and too old to go in search of the varied diet he needs.

Fever gets in as the showers of April and May chill him. He moves to water—to where he knows he can always get a cool drink.

RAINS BREAK

He spends his time standing in a spit of sand picking up the cool sand and mud with his trunk and spraying it over his hot, fevered body. One sweltering hot evening in May he hears a mighty storm raging ten miles away in the hills, and knows the rains have broken.

Soon the trickle of water will become a raging torrent of broken brown water carrying trees and logs and debris in its onrush. He takes his last drink, he grows giddy.

He staggers, falls, but the groan he gives is drowned by peals of thunder.

He is down never to rise again, and he dies without a struggle. The tired old heart just stops ticking.

Two porcupines get the news that night, and in spite of the heavy rain attack one of his tusks, gnawing it as "beavers" gnaw wood. They love the big, bony pulp inside near the tip.

They've eaten only half through the second tusk when and just as a rain drives them off. A 5ft. wall of water strikes the carcass, debris piles up, moves, floats, and then swirling and turning over, goes into the gorge down a 10ft. waterfall and jams among the boulders below.

At last the whole mass of carcass, bones, and branches moves, floats, and then swirling and turning over, goes into the gorge down a 10ft. waterfall and jams among the boulders below.

Hundreds of tons of water drive on to it, logs and boulders bruise and smash up the body, shifting it further, and the savage water tears it apart.

VANISHED

As the forest fires are God's spring cleaning of the jungle, so the spate of the great rains provide burial for the dead. That elephant never had to suffer months of exhausting pilgrimage to reach a common graveyard.

By dawn the floods have subsided and the porcupines have to hunt for their second meal of tusk. Other jungle scavengers have their share of the scattered parts, taking their turns in the order of jungle precedence.

But the spate comes again this next night, and in a week all traces of the old tusk have disappeared.



The wise, lovable elephant can be trained to work—and to perform, as you see here in this typical circus trick.

As she passed me about 50 yards away with her rider on foot I called out, more in order to greet him than because of any interest in the animal: "How is Ma Kyaw's back?"

Her rider did not reply as he had not caught what I said, but Ma Kyaw swung round at right angles and came towards me. She walked right up to where I was sitting.

IN PAIN

I patted her on the trunk and gave her a banana, and then without a word of command, she dropped into the sitting position and I angled right over towards me so as to show me her back.

I found one little hole which still suppurated. There was undoubtedly a sinus there. Ma Kyaw let me open it, although my doing so obviously gave her great pain. But she was a good patient.

Elephant Bill misses his old friends.

Perhaps he'll go to the Zoo some day just to look at an elephant.

"The most sagacious of all beasts," he calls them. And the most lovable.

(London Express Service)

He's 100, and gives his profits away

By JOHN MICHEL

THERE was a double day's pay and an extra £1 to spend on August 3 for the 1,600 men and women who work for Mr Theodore Cooke Taylor.

The boss was 100. The next day he took the 1,600 to Blackpool.

Grey-bearded and upright, non-smoking, non-drinking Mr Taylor is turning the century with ease and grace, and although he says "I must be near the end," he still looks ahead, a day at a time.

This proud, estimable Yorkshireman gets up at six every day except when he is specially tired. Then he lies in until 6.30. He is at his office before nine, driving 40 miles from his home at Grimsby to his Bentley mill.

People there see him, in his fur-lined, black greatcoat—slightly gone at the elbows—slipping out of his car too quickly for his chauffeur, Alec Thorpe, to get round to open the door.

BACK IN 1866—

ALL his life, Mr Taylor has preached and practised profit-sharing. His interest in the scheme dates from 1860, when his first savings went into a profit-sharing colliery.

In 1892 he bought out his two partners from his present business because they disagreed with his idea of doing but profits to workers who helped to earn them.



by EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

THERE is little holiday let-up in diplomatic circles.

I hear:—THAT Mr Charles Spofford, dark-horse U.S. chairman of the new Deputy Atlantic Council, is making a first-rate impression in London.

THAT M. Hervey Alphonse took on the job of French member of the council without much initial enthusiasm. "Just another committee," he thought. But now after a few weeks' work, he is enthusiastic and hopeful.

THAT Washington reacts to the plans for increased defence expenditure are lukewarm. A Service chief told me: "The figure given is bound to be inadequate. The Americans know that, and would have been better impressed if we had gone the whole hog right away."

THAT there is a strong feeling in the Diplomatic Corps that the Russian move in sending Mr Yakov Malik back to the Security Council is connected with the Korean situation. With Malik as president, and using the veto, the U.N. would be hamstringed in any efforts to condemn or oppose actively a Red invasion of Formosa.

THAT Mr Malik himself has changed much since his arrival in New York two years ago. Then big, bluff, healthy looking Malik seemed anxious to please, joked and laughed as he offered Russian cigarettes all round. Today he says that he is just a "hollow shell," suffering from a weak heart.

Of late Mr Malik has been on the transatlantic end of most of the heart tremors at Lake Success. But there is one explanation for his own cardiac troubles: he must wait 28 hours from the time he sends a message to Moscow to the time he gets an answer.

Mrs Eden, artist

PLANNING a one-woman art exhibition in New York this autumn is Mrs Beatrice Eden, former wife of Tory politician Anthony Eden.

For years she has been making landscapes and still-life paintings, working in oils. Now she hopes to sell many of them. Already Mrs Eden has had promise of success. At an American charity exhibition she showed one picture. It was sold immediately.

Oh, my lord

I HEAR a good story which Lord Brabazon of Tara has told against himself.

It seems that members of an Indian business delegation, whom he was showing round a

factory, were much affected by his rank and presence—as well they might be, for he is an imposing figure of a man. "Oh, my lord," said one, "it is extremely kind of you to take such trouble with us. I suppose if you were not here you would be in your beautiful castle."

"Well, as a matter of fact," replied Lord Brabazon, who lived in a villa at Sandwich, "I shouldn't you know, be having a lot of trouble with the drawbridge at the moment."

Taxi to Rome

I BELIEVE that at least one vintage London taxicab has been seen among the many and varied conveyances which have taken people to Rome this year.

Now the Eternal City may have one of these old dandies as a semi-permanent adornment to its bustling streets.

For the Hon. Mrs Taffy Todd day to drive to her Roman home in a 1934 cab which she has bought for £400. Non-fare-paying passengers were daughters Amanda (11), Jinty (10), and Victoria (6); step-sons Saul and Tremayne; and two French bulldogs.

Waistline

ONE OF the best known and most admired of Paris mannequins is Mme. Sophie Malgat.

And one of the best paid. For during the next few months the beautiful Sophie will be earning dollars at the rate of 25 a working hour showing off the latest Paris fashions to designers and buyers in the U.S.

It seems to me that New Yorkers are going to pay for something they already know. For Sophie will no doubt illustrate the new Paris narrow waist.

And all Broadway has been humming this fashion for months. There is a hit tune from "South Pacific." Its theme, a beautiful girl. Its message:— "Where she's narrow she's as narrow as an arrow."

Domestic Dulanty

THERE is one Irishman who has not been overawed by the elevation to ambassadorial rank of Eire's London representative, Mr John Dulanty. That is George Bernard Shaw.

When I met Mr Dulanty at a dinner party he appeared a little hot and bothered. "My dear boy," he said, as he mopped his brow and cast around for a cocktail, "I am on the point of expiration."

He explained, with characteristic wit, the diverse nature of his duties. One of his problems that day had been to deal with a crisis of colour at Bernard Shaw, who had personally requested that his Excellency should find him a parlourmaid. "Ambassador!" exclaimed Mr Dulanty, who is an old friend of Bernard Shaw. "The man's turning me into a domestic servant agency."

Song in her heart

THE SINGER Hildegard ("Darling, je vous aime beaucoup") has sailed into New York. I am told that as she swung gaily down the stairs she was wearing a black hat patterned after a cardinal's ("In honour of Holy Year"), and a tight black dress, patterned after her figure.

Asked what she had liked best in London, Hildegard replied, "Songs written by Noel Coward for his new show."

Next autumn she plans to export them—to America.

First night

ONE OF the last wishes of the composer Richard Strauss, who died last year at 85, was that his opera "Capriccio" should have its premiere at the 1950 Salzburg Music Festival. That wish has been fulfilled. It was a great occasion. Strauss was recognised as a brilliant young revolutionary when Brahms was still alive. His "Rosenkavalier" enchanted the glittering audiences of pre-1914 Europe.

6d. a bunch

JUST OVER a month ago Holkham Hall, Norfolk home of the Earl of Leicester, was much in the news. It was the scene of a royal and splendid occasion, a dance attended by the King and Queen and Princess Margaret.

I have homelier news from Holkham. For some hours the other week the house and grounds were open to all and sundry. As well as seeing the sights, visitors could buy their green-groceries.

Lord Leicester's sister sold fruit and vegetables at "concrete" prices. Lady Leicester sold a prize apple in lavender, lovely lavender at 6d. a bunch. And Mrs Leicester looked after the sale of currants—and dahlias.

(London Express Service)

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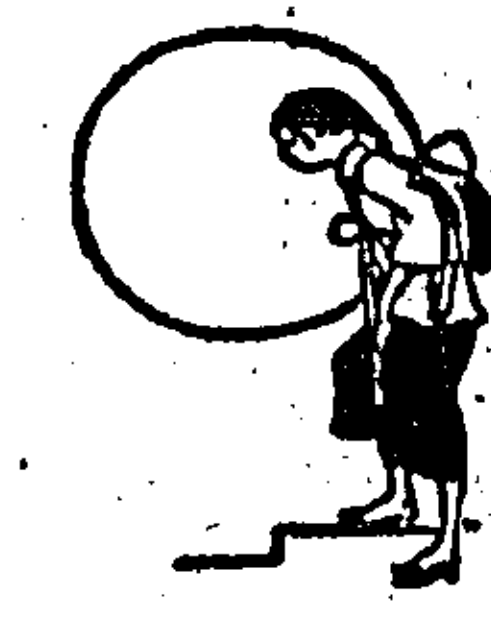


PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED.

THE HONGKONG SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN



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'SPURS PLAN IS A MODEL FOR ENGLAND'S REVIVAL IN WORLD SOCCER

SAYS ALAN HOBY

Arsenal, Manchester United, Wolves, Sunderland, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Blackpool, Derby, Sheffield Wednesday, Portsmouth—which team plays the best football?

None of these. My nomination as the side which has the purest, smoothest, most effective style in the country is TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

But—and this is the question all football is asking—Can the ex-Second Division glamour-boys repeat their spectacular successes in the top League?

My answer? Yes. I select them as the club most likely to do well, despite a hectic opening season which includes battles with Blackpool (home), Bolton (away), Arsenal (away), Bolton (home), Charlton (away), Liverpool (away), Manchester United (home), and Wolves (away).

TO THE SUMMIT

If Spurs fail, of course, I realize I am inviting a critical smack on the chin from disgraced fans in all corners of the British Isles.

But I don't think a slick, scientific, and sweet-moving squad like Ronnie Burgess, Alf Ramsey, Eddie Bailey, Jimmy Nicholson, Ted Ditchburn, and the rest are likely to flop.

I believe that Tottenham's manager, Arthur Rowe, has a great formula will not only take Spurs to the summit, it can inspire a "crusade" which will put England on top of the world soccer heap again.

Don't let me hear of "One World Cup" performances, including that deplorable defeat by the Yanks, were frankly dreadful.

Our playing standards at home have plummeted to near-midnight levels.

TOO MUCH

One reason for this decline is the same as in equity cricket. We have a glut of soccer.

The new season extends from August 19 to May 5—nearly two months of tremendous effort.

Then there will be the Festival of England taking on crack foreign sides.

Excess of any sort is bad, and this is far too much—even of a good thing.

But although the evidence is there, staring right in the eyes, many of our club chiefs can't or won't see it. They are like men who daily consult a broken barometer which, in all weathers, is constantly set fair and warm.

BIG BUSINESS

They worship the cash-box. Football is big business. As

HUNDREDS SAVED

At Tottenham they have

taught both public and private. On the money side they pay the maximum allowed by law.

They also pay top benefits while the club runs a Players' Bank, which allows 4 percent interest.

Many Spurs players have been fined for poaching. On the money side they pay the maximum allowed by law.

On the playing side there is Arthur Rowe, Arthur, intelligent, hardworking, intelligent, hardworking, intelligent, hardworking.

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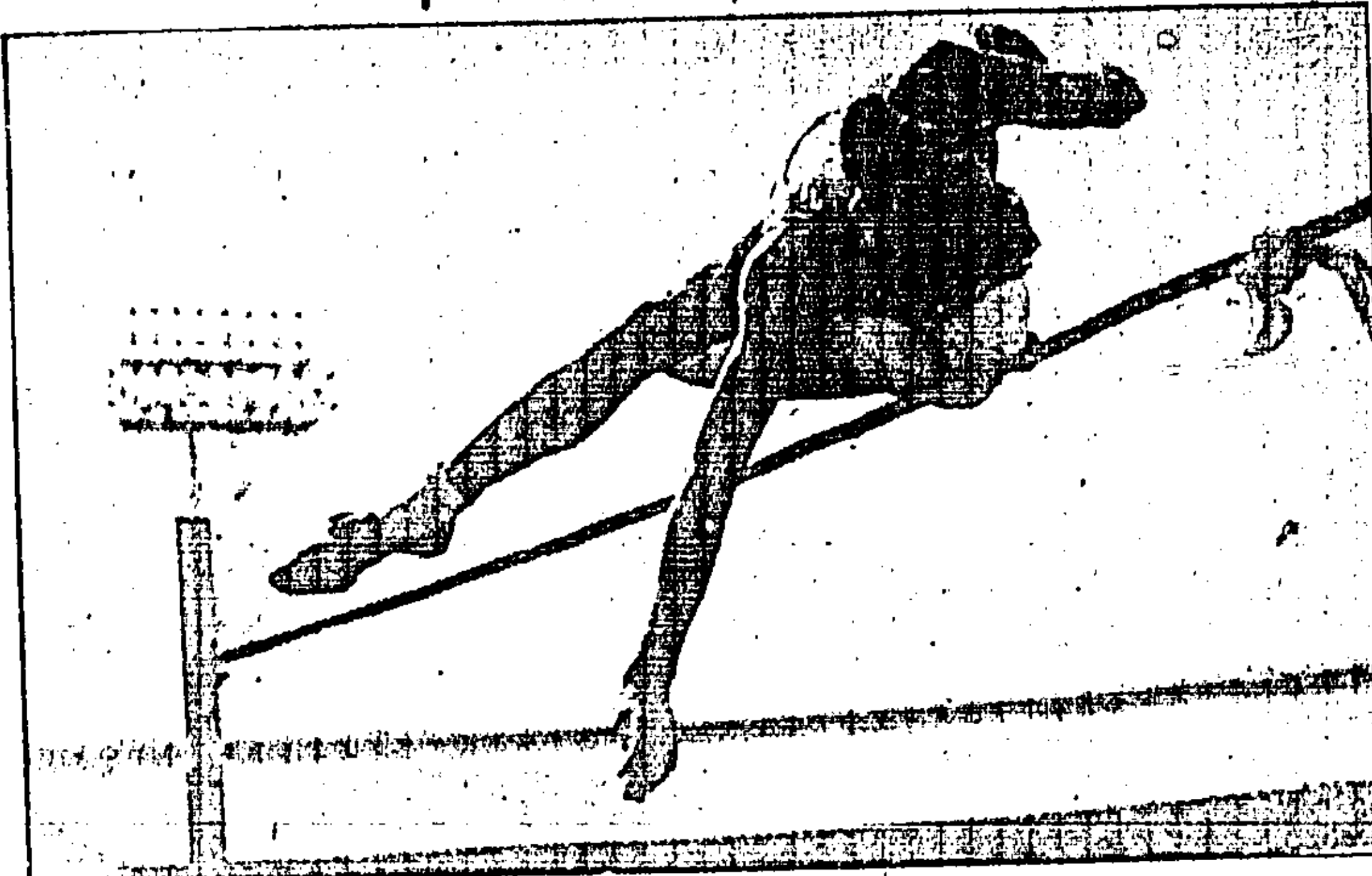
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TWO BRITISH HOPES AT THE EUROPEAN GAMES



Alan Patterson (above), of the Victoria Park Athletic Club, winning the high jump at 6 feet 5 inches during the Triangular Match at the White City on August Bank Holiday. Patterson has jumped 6 feet 7 inches in competition this year and is as likely as anyone to win the European Games high jump title at Brussels next week.

John Disley (right), one of the proteges of Geoff Dyson, Chief AAU Coach, will represent Britain in the 3,000 Metres Steeplechase. Disley is the new British record holder in the Steeplechase and though he has only an outside chance of coming in first, at Brussels he is a coming Olympic Champion in the event.—Central Press Photos.



NEVER BEFORE HAVE THE LIGHT BLUES HAD SUCH BATTLING

Says ARCHIE QUICK

One of the outstanding features of the English cricket scene this summer has been the prowess of Cambridge University batsmen. John Dewes, George Duggart and David Sheppard have had Test calls. Dewes has been chosen for the Australian trip and Peter May, for Surrey, has earned great praise for the promise of his batting.

I cannot recall three members of the Light Blue team—or the Dark Blues, for that matter—getting into the select England circle in any one season before, despite the great Varsity players of the past—and, moreover, Sheppard is a Freshman.

One of the stranger manifestations of British sports support is the habit of deifying our own performers. In this connection, people have said of the top players, "Oh, but these young lads have made most of their runs on the easy wickets at Fenn's!"

How untrue that is. The Cantab batsmen have alighted the cream—or is it the skin of our county professional bowlers on their pre-Varsity match tour. Sheppard has got two centuries for Sussex since he "came down," and look what Dewes has done for Middlesex.

AVERAGE OF 77

Since the last Test his average is over 77. He has scored 84 and 48 against the Poles, 17 and 56 v Surrey, 115 and 59 v Leicester and a hundred in each innings against Sussex, 128 and 101. These scores were not made at Fenn's.

He has scored 2,175 runs this season, as I write, for an average of 68. He, and the other wingers of the Light Blues, have edged the ex-patriate professionals out of the top places in the batting averages. And what if it is Fenn's, Hove, Manchester or Northampton their fielding remains of the same high standard.

I would like to see more of them going to the Antipodes, the same as I would like to see the set of young Lancashire bowlers, Tattersall, Statham, Derry, Hilton and Greenwood picked to Australia too, to blood them for the future.

There is not only fast, spin, and slow left-arm bowling skill there, but boundless enthusiasm.

It is a revolutionary idea, of course, and for that reason cannot possibly find favour at Lords, but who will say that these keen newcomers, whose figures for this season are there for all to see, would do worse "Down under" than the men who have tried and failed in the past.

Bodger and Wright, for instance, were on the losing side the last tour. Are they better bowlers now?

"I personally, with the captain, persuaded Todd that it would be in his interests to retire. I make no apology for it. If he had just faded out there would have been a little paragraph in the papers later on to say that Kent had not re-engaged Todd for next season."

"We gave him a chance to get another job. He is being paid by the club up to next April but he has a perfect right to get another job, and, in fact, he has got another job."

"Todd's argument was this: How does Kent know I could not recover my form?"

—(London Express Service)

PERSONALITY PARADE

GOING UP... UP

"Aim high... you've got to aim high," is the theme coach George Pallett has placed at his high-jump pupil, Sheila Alexander, 21-year-old Kenton, a world record if she cleared it.

Sheila still has to reach that tantalising height, but she got well on the way to it with a new British record of 6 ft. 6 ins. in the women's international championships at Aylesford, Kent, last Saturday. She is a product of the cinema-camera school of coaching. Her faults have been corrected by films of her in action taken by her coach.

FAME AHEAD

Run a bit faster than the other girls and see the world. That's the possibility opening up for 16-year-old schoolgirl June Foulds, Women's AAA 100 metres champion. June gets an introduction to the sort of future awaiting top-class athletes later this month when she competes in the European championships in Brussels. She will run in the 100 metres and the 4 x 100 metres relay. And when the thrill of racing against the cream of Europe's women athletes is over, June goes back to being a schoolgirl again.

She will be in the London schools' team to meet school teams from towns all over the Continent at Frankfurt on September 2.

'SCRAP-HEAP' STAR

From speedway "scrap-heap" to stardom rockets Bob Oakley, Wembley rider when two London tracks turned down. Bob came out of the Army in 1946 with determination to be at the top of his form at a star. He built a speed bike from old parts he found in a junk heap, and practised at Wembley. But after twelve trials at New Cross, neither Wembley nor New Cross would consider him.

So on to Southampton in 1947. The Third Division match-race championship in 1946... a transfer to Wembley for £1,500 last month.

And on Saturday a week ago the man from the scrap-heap made good. With Wembley's new riders taking a licking at Birmingham in a National Trophy match, Bob came along with 10 points to save his new side from complete humiliation.

PETER PAN GODDARD

Will "old Tom" have a smacker at it? That's the talking point No.

Arthur Peall says:

When to break an old snooker rule

A snooker tip says "Never break a snooker ball unless you are sure you can get it back in." But Arthur Peall says that is a rule that should be broken.

Peall says that a player who is sure he can get the ball back in should not break it. He says that a player who is not sure he can get the ball back in should break it.

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FINAL FLING

Three Leeds United footballers had their last fling as cricketers recently and, as a result, they are having a whip-round to cover his expenses for more big events. They reckon he needs to be tournament-tough to earn a place in our Ryder Cup side against America—and that's where they aim to see him.

TANNER RETURNS

Waiting impatiently to hear that first bell, Allan Tanner, 20-year-old British Guiana featherweight who is coming back to the ring after four months' absence. Allan arrived in England eight months ago and began a systematic cropping up of our leading light-weights. Then he found that a combination of British climate and heavier opponents was too much for him.

So Allan wisely decided to take a rest. Now, however, he is on the warpath again and he is on a direct scalp he hopes to collect is Johnny Molloy's at West Hartlepool on August 21.

GOOD LITTLE 'UN

Small, trim Eileen Sheridan, Coventry housewife and mother of a four-year-old son, looks anything but the tough athletic type. But Eileen, whose only other interest apart from looking after her home and family is cycling, went out on to the Berkshire Road Time Trial Council's 100 miles women's championship in the record time of 4 hrs. 37 mins. 55 secs.—beating the previous record by more than five minutes.

Eileen's manager, adviser, and biggest fan is her husband, and he takes no part in the sport himself!

'BIG SHOT' LEON

Newcomer to the All-England lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon next year will be dashing Leon Norrarg of Pretoria, South Africa's biggest hitter and fastest server. Biggest of all is his handsome Norrarg, like little Springfield golfer Eric Moore, who says: "I'm South Africa's big shot when Bobby Locke is away." Well, Norrarg is the tennis big shot when Sturges is away.

Norrarg lacks Sturges's precise ground shots but ironically possesses the one thing that would make Sturges Wimbledon champion—the big serve.

WILL NOT PART

"Something must be done," says Mr Whittaker, "to keep these men here. We could afford to pay three times the money for any now, but we must of course abide by the League regulations."

And so the argument leads to considering the state of English soccer today, the reasons why stars hold their places to a later age, why they are so few that clubs will not part with them at any price.

This was the theory Mr Whittaker expounded to me across his massive Highbury desk. "Footballers are made in the backyards and open spaces," he said.

"You see those kids over there?" Mr Whittaker pointed out some young boys who were sitting on the wall in front of the houses facing the ground. "In the old days, they would have been kicking a ball around. Now they just sit there waiting to get autographs."

"It is between the ages of 10 and 12 that a boy learns to kick a ball about," he went on. "I am not hitting at the FA coaching scheme. That's first class. But the supply is not there!"

FAITH IN EDDIE

"Eddie for Britain!" is the slogan of Tyrrells Wood, Surrey, golf club members following the good show of their professional, Eddie Ward, in last week's £2,000 tournament at Royal Mid-Surrey, Richmond.

—(London Express Service)

John Macadam's Column

HAND ME A No. 5, SAYS LOCKE

Having recently crossed the Atlantic Ocean and, indeed, the Equator, we were interested to hear of a Transatlantic ceremony that had nothing to do with trans-Equatorial certificates and fantastic shavings.

The story goes back a year or more. Mr Bobby Locke is on his way to Windsor, Ontario, which any of you who had accompanied us to Montreal in the early thirties would recognise as being the Canadian opposite to Detroit, in the USA.

Mr Locke, who is by way of being the greatest bore in the world—that is, the best golfer—was then on his way to play in a Canadian tournament. He had achieved a certain supremacy in the art of getting a regular one-or-two-stroke lead over Dai Rees, and he was not unknown to the sports page wingers on, and when course was set and all was well in the crew-cabin, the first officer came aft and had a look at not only the passenger list, but also the passengers.

Easily identifiable was the same Mr Locke, who always looks as if he has just done a birdie three, and to him Canadian—born, Glasgow-decended First Officer Jock Weir made a golfer's beeline.

LIKE THIS

With a gesture known to every golfer in the world, Jock crooked the forefinger of his right hand and said: "They tell me you don't grip the club just like this..."

Well, that is fighting talk to any golfer, and at the drop of the hat Locke was on his feet in the gangway of the plane, and before anyone knew what he was, First Officer Jock Weir was foraging in the cloakroom and emerging with a No. 5 iron.

"This is the way I've been standing to it," he said, and

Locke took the club silently in his hand and began the highest-flying golf lesson of all time, was then on his way to play in a Canadian tournament.

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K. O. CANNON



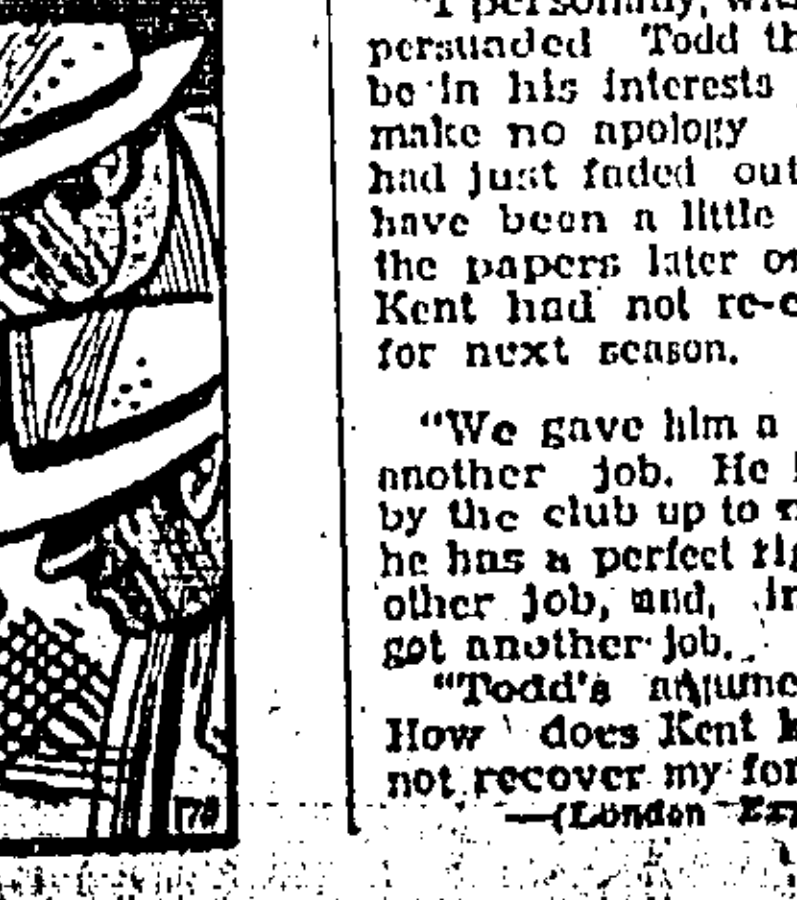
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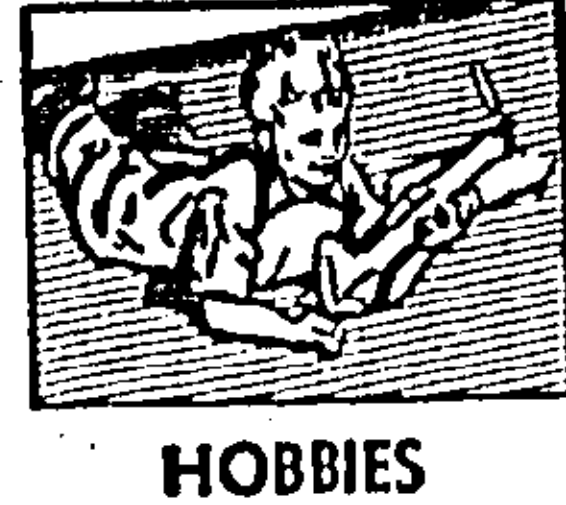




PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

Old Game Still Fun

By I. R. HEGEL

DO you have a couple of three-legged stools around your house? Turn them over so that the three legs stick up in the air, find a hard tennis ball and you are ready for a backyard game of stoolball, an ancestor of baseball.

The batter stands in front of one stool and, in the simplified version of the game, this player does not need a bat. His hand will do. The bowler, opposite him, now throws a full pitch underhand. If the ball hits the stool without having previously touched the ground, the batter is out. When the ball is struck, the batter runs to the other stool placed opposite him. If the other player can regain the ball in time to strike the player before he reaches the stool to which he is running, he takes his place. The batter is out if struck by a ball between stools.

Players can make up their own rules, depending on the number of players, space, etc.

☆☆☆

TRACE stoolball back far enough and you will find William the Conqueror's stalwarts playing a primitive version of this game. Even the young Pilgrim Fathers ran buses around stools when they were supposed to be chopping down trees.

Stoolball is said to be the parent of modern baseball, cricket and other games, although some sports authorities hotly argue that issue. But it is safe to say that stoolball is the oldest of all ball games. It remained in the dust of the centuries until the First World War when an English officer, looking for a simple outdoor sport to amuse wounded soldiers, dug up the game of stoolball and promptly introduced it to the convalescents of the hospital, where it was enjoyed to such an extent that its popularity spread. Close to 3,000 stoolball clubs were operating when the Second World War began.

Englishmen play stoolball according to the rules of cricket, with wooden bats like rackets. No. 3 tennis balls and four-foot eight-inch posts in place of the ancient stools. The game is played on level ground in a space half the size of an ordinary cricket field.

One advantage of stoolball is that it is flexible. You can play it with a couple of stools and a ball. Or, if you are a stickler for form, you can look up the rules governing cricket, set up your posts, construct those wooden cricket bats, select your team and you are ready for action.

Stoolball is played in Iceland, Japan, Switzerland, Finland and Russia. The game has bounced joyfully down through the centuries, having furnished sport for men and women in many countries and in varied periods of history.



STOOLBALL CAN BE JUST AS MUCH FUN TODAY AS IT WAS HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO

TEENER TOPICS

By Boss Ritter

MUSICAL STARS is fun to play. Mark large stars in chalk about three feet apart from each other on the cement. These should be one star less than there are players. Now start blowing a tune on your harmonica, while everyone skips from star to star. The person who is unfortunate enough not to have a star to stand on when you stop playing, is O.U.T. Erase a star and do it again.

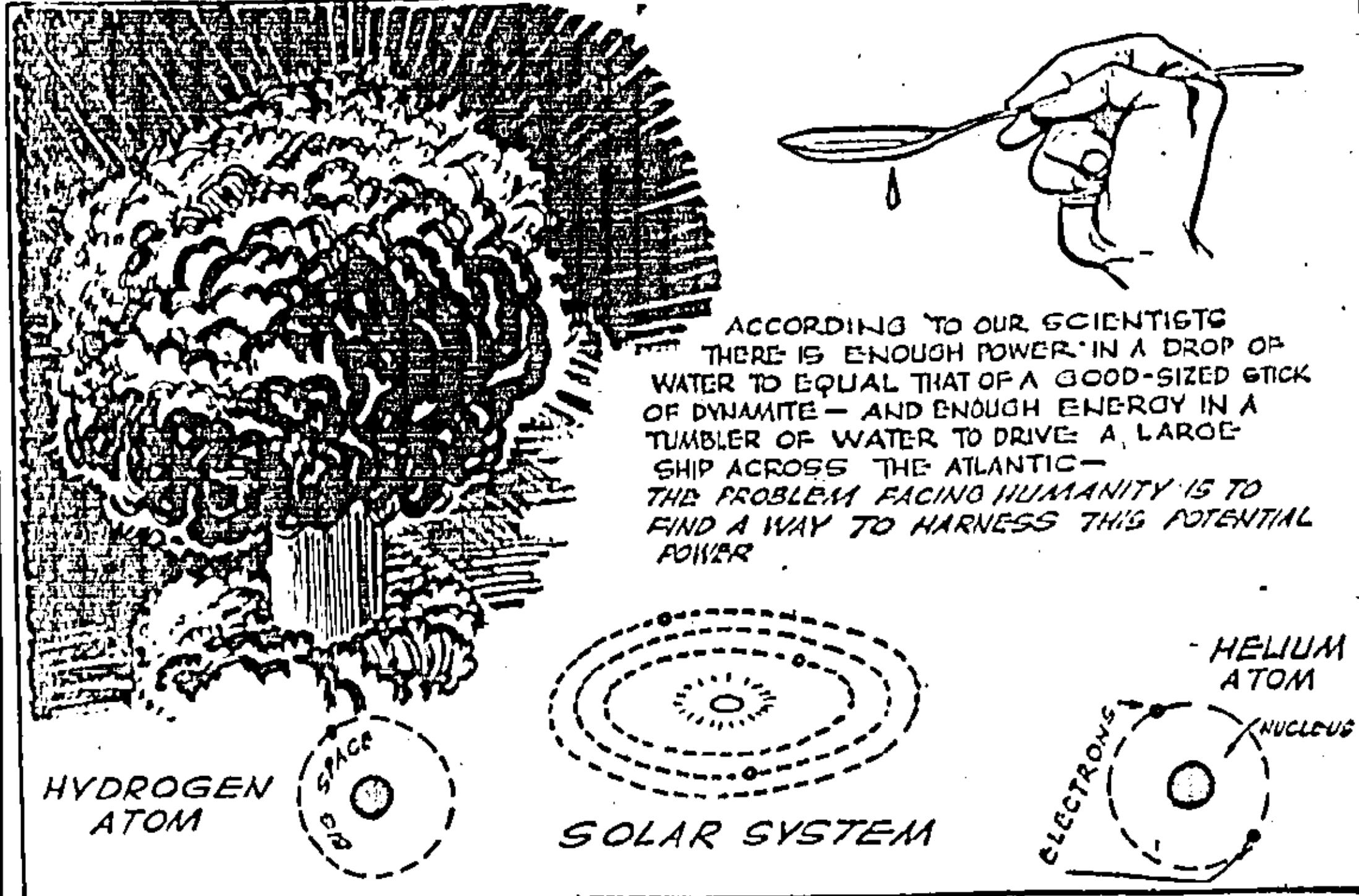
Memory bouquets are made from wildflowers found on picnics. Place them between sheets of newspaper. Cover with a few heavy books. Once the flowers are thoroughly dry, arrange them, with the help of tweezers and a darning needle, in an artistic design on coloured construction paper. Cover this with a piece of glass, and frame the whole thing with wide coloured Scotch tape, after adding a backing of corrugated paper.

People who have foreign pen pals collect many interesting stamps as a result of correspondence abroad. It's a nice hobby, and you learn things and make friends.

Pen pals keep two common word spring clothespins in their desks. One holds all the unanswered letters. The other those answered.

Snapshot Shade

A handful of snapshots of your friends will make an attractively "different" lamp shade from the old, faded one that is on your desk right now. Paste the pictures down on the parchment. Slant some to the right, others to the left, and cut the remaining ones out, like paper dolls. Make sure that all the pictures overlap in a crazy sort of patchwork style. Bind the top and the bottom of the shade with coloured cellophane tape. If the lamp base is wooden, carve your friends' initials and names in it. Metal bases can be coated with an attractive enamel that matches your colour scheme.



World's Biggest News Story

By WALTER KING

IT is your world science is fooling around with, but the trouble is that scientists cannot use simple enough terms for us to understand. Perhaps we can think out in a general way just what is going on with atomic energy, atoms and so forth.

An atom some years ago was the smallest bit of matter that science thought existed. But lately—that is, within the present lifetime of some of our grand parents—scientists have discovered that even atoms are made up of smaller things, like electrons, protons and so forth. And when an atom is broken up, these smaller things become energy.

Everyone knows what energy is. Energy is power—it runs our cars, makes our electric lights burn, heats our food. When a lot of energy is released at once, things begin to

happen. An explosion is a sudden release of energy. An ordinary glass of drinking water furnishes power. Usually we use just a tiny bit of this power in our bodies. The water provides chemical energy to keep us alive. But if all the power were turned loose, that glass of water could drive a steamship across the oceans. Even a single drop of water contains far more energy than a large stick of dynamite. A glass of water contains about 20 million-million-million million (20 followed by 24 ciphers) hydrogen atoms and half again as many oxygen atoms. Don't worry about the figures—just say "an awful lot."

SCIENCE is not sure just how an atom looks, but for our use we can think of it as a baseball with a marble travelling around it, like the moon circles the earth. The marble is held to the baseball (in our atom) by the same force that holds the moon to the earth and the earth to the sun.

But the marble is so far from the baseball that all atoms are mostly empty space, not solid as we think of a thing being solid. Most of the atom's weight is in the central baseball, which is called the nucleus. This nucleus is made up of smaller parts held together by energy. If we split up this nucleus, this energy is not needed any more and is released as heat, electricity, light or even radio waves. The larger atoms, being more complicated, are more easily broken and so one of the largest—the uranium atom—was used to make the first atom bombs, which are simply broken atoms from which energy is released.

But bomb-making is not the principal value of the atom to science. The experimenters are trying to find a way to make energy do the work that is now done by electric, steam and water power. Some day, atoms may run factories. It is possible that they may drive boats and trains, even cars, in the future.

ALL elements are made up of atoms, which you know as baseballs and marbles. Helium has two marbles buzzing around its baseball and hydrogen has only one. We would expect that to make helium from hydrogen

two hydrogen atoms need only be joined together. But atoms are not like things we know. One and one do not make two, for a very good reason. The helium nucleus (the baseball) is four times as heavy as the hydrogen nucleus, and so it is therefore made up of four hydrogen nuclei (baseballs). So it takes the baseballs of four hydrogen atoms and the marbles of two to make one helium atom. That leaves two marbles as the remainder.

We have seen that when the pieces of an atom have no work to do they become energy, which is pretty hot stuff. So two electrons become energy and that is the principle of the hydrogen bomb. The way the bomb is made is secret, of course, but we know it takes a lot of energy, and this must be supplied by splitting up a larger atom—the atom of one of the heavier elements such as uranium or plutonium. So we must destroy an atom to build an atom.

Although it is big news that atomic energy has been released in a bomb, the biggest news will be the discovery of how the hundred million horsepower in the atoms of a glass of water can be used to power the constructive things of life. Some of this power is being used now, but the biggest things are yet to come.

HOODOO HONEY

By Ida M. Pardue

HOODOO is something which brings bad luck. And when you are hiking or camping you should learn to avoid hoodoo honey. Steer clear of it, unless, of course, you know your bee food. Not all honey tastes good. And some can make you sick.

You probably know full well that there is a big difference in honey flavors. The plant from which the nectar came made that difference. When bees go to work on nectar taken from orange blossoms, sweet clover, sage, bean, alfalfa or many other flowers, the result is the delicious, nourishing sweet you drink on hot cakes. But wild honey is something else. Sometimes bees loot the wrong plants—and the result is really a hoodoo for anyone eating it. Honey made from the sourwood is a hoodoo. No "simple syrup" this. It can give you all the symptoms of ptomaine poisoning—a violently upset stomach, with severe cramps and nausea.

There are honeys, too, which have commercial value, but are definitely not good things to eat. You do not have to worry about getting sick on them, because you will not eat them. Honey from the chinquapin plant (dwarf chestnut) is so sharp and strong that you would stop after the first taste. Willow honey is very bitter. So is honey from the sneezeweed. And others, too. A plant known as "snow-on-the-mountain" may be to blame for a honey which makes a person feel as if he had swallowed boiling soup. Tales of poisonous honeys have often been doubted. Some authorities on bees say there is no such thing as a really harmful honey. But there have been many cases of sickness after eating wild honey. The United States Department of Agriculture states that honey made from the mountain laurel, or rhododendron, is "likely to be poisonous."

RESIDENTS of a certain section of Turkey have reported time and again that eating wild honey gave them headaches and nausea. On the Isle of Sardinia bees brew a syrup which, it is reported, gives eaters a laughing fit. Honey from the chestnut tree is claimed to be able to kill a person to sleep. It is possible that poisonous honey comes from several other plants.

By this time Grandfather Punch came into the room. He sat down at once, smiled to Hanid, clapped Mr Punch on the back, and started peeling an apple. "Always eat 'em, my dear," he said to Hanid. "Don't fruit in the world: I'll save the core for you."

"Oh, thank you," said Hanid. She thought to herself, though, that Grandfather Punch might have given her a slice of the apple instead of just promising her the core. But she was glad that he had thought of the core, anyway.

Now, Grandfather, said Mr Punch, "Hanid and I were just talking about whether the world was round or flat."

"Flat—it's as flat as a pancake!" said Grandfather Punch. "What looks flat, is flat! How many times do I have to tell you that? Now don't keep telling me it's round. I don't believe it for one minute!"

Mr Punch just smiled. "Just lend me that apple for a second or two, Grandfather."

"Suppose," continued Mr Punch, "one of the tiny bugs took a long walk—or a long fall in a ship. The other bugs would all stay and watch him go. He would get further and further away. Now, if the apple (or the world) were flat, he would finally disappear altogether when he got far enough away. But he wouldn't disappear altogether if the world (or the apple) were round. First his feet would disappear, then his shoulders, and finally his head. It would be like someone going down a flight of stairs if we stayed at the top."

"Yes, that's right!" cried Hanid. "And if the apple or the world were flat, he would just fall off! But he doesn't fall off!"

But Grandfather Punch just reached out and got his apple. "I'm too hungry," he said. "Maybe the world is round—and maybe it's flat. But it doesn't taste as good as an apple. And that's what's important!"

Hanid Had a Good Question

—She Wanted to Know If the World Was Round—

By MAX TRELL

"MR Punch," said Hanid to her good old friend, "is the world really round?"

"Certainly," replied Mr Punch, shutting the book he was reading when Hanid entered the room. He smiled. "My dear," he added, "the next moment," he added, "as an orange. Everyone knows that except my Grandfather. He thinks the world is flat."

"Oh—but it looks flat," said Hanid. "I mean, it looks flat except for the hills and mountains and valleys and things like that. It doesn't look round at all."

"That's what my Grandfather says. 'Seein' it be lievin', Grandfather keeps saying, 'What looks flat, is flat.' It is very hard to convince him that the world is really round."

"But how does anyone know?" Hanid started to ask.

Rap on Door

At that instant there was a rap on the door. "Why, here's Grandfather now!" Mr Punch exclaimed. "We'll ask him a few questions."

Hanid looked at Grandfather Punch. He was just about as tall as Mr Punch, only he was as thin as a pencil and he had a kind of fuzzy beard around his chin. He wore a flat hat with the word Captain written on it. "I guess he must be a captain of a ship," Hanid murmured to herself.

Further Away

"Suppose," continued Mr Punch, "one of the tiny bugs took a long walk—or a long fall in a ship. The other bugs would all stay and watch him go. He would get further and further away. Now, if the apple (or the world) were flat, he would finally disappear altogether when he got far enough away. But he wouldn't disappear altogether if the world (or the apple) were round. First his feet would disappear, then his shoulders, and finally his head. It would be like someone going down a flight of stairs if we stayed at the top."

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NEW TYPE OF HARMONICA

The addition of an amplifying horn to a harmonica gives new sounds for the amateur musician. Previously the "pull out" tones, train sounds, mutes, razor sharp cut-offs and other effects were obtained by skilled players by using a glass tumbler as a sound chamber over the regulation harmonica.



Grandfather Punch sat peeling an apple.

"I'm all right," said Grandfather, giving Mr Punch the apple. "But mind you don't eat it."

"Now," said Mr Punch as he held the apple up in his hand. "I say the earth—the world, for they both mean the same thing—is pretty much the shape of this apple. Only the apple is small, and the world is enormous. Now suppose we were as tiny as the tiniest little bug, and we lived on the outside of this apple. The apple would look flat to us because we would only be able to see a little part of the apple. As far as we looked in any direction, it would all look flat. But suppose—"

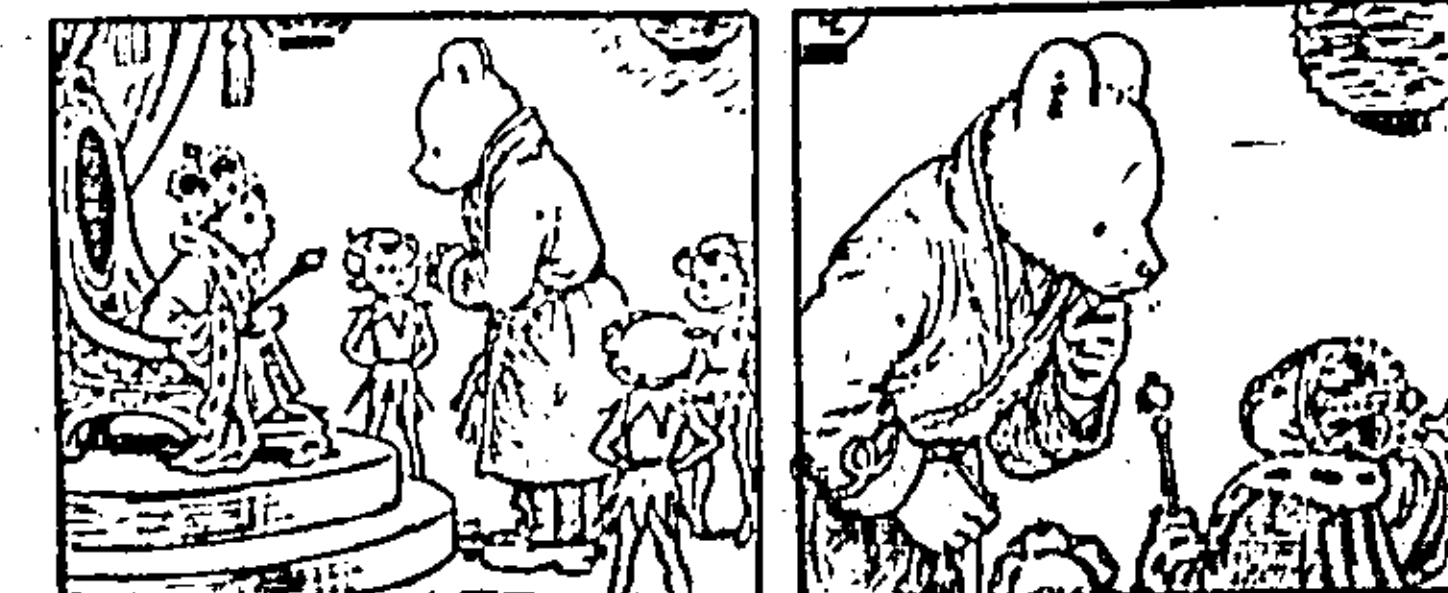
"Yes," said Grandfather. "I hope this doesn't take too long," he said, turning to Hanid. "I'm getting hungry for my apple."

"Suppose," continued Mr Punch, "one of the tiny bugs took a long walk—or a long fall in a ship. The other bugs would all stay and watch him go. He would get further and further away. Now, if the apple (or the world) were flat, he would finally disappear altogether when he got far enough away. But he wouldn't disappear altogether if the world (or the apple) were round. First his feet would disappear, then his shoulders, and finally his head. It would be like someone going down a flight of stairs if we stayed at the top."

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Rupert and the Back-room Boy—24



The trolley-car lands gently, and the lumpy Rupert through the door and into the presence of their king. "Ah, little bear, you are the person we need," says the king. "I'll see what you have been doing to our backroom boy? We can do nothing with him. He neglects his proper work. He's in a very bad temper and keeps growling your name." "My backroom boy is a black imp, all I did was to set him free from a net," says Rupert. The king stares. "Well, I wish you'd go and calm him down," he says. "We can't afford to let him go on like this."

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ZOO'S WHO

RATTLESNAKES, DWELLERS OF THE DESERT, CANNOT SURVIVE 15 MINUTES OF BRILLIANT SUNSHINE.

AN ANTOBORN FLIES 11,000 MILES TO SPEND JUST 14 WEEKS AT ITS NESTING GROUND IN THE ARCTIC... THEN FLIES 12,000 MILES BACK TO THE ANTARCTIC.

112 DIFFERENT BREEDS OF DOGS ARE RAISED IN AMERICA TODAY.

HONOLULU LEE

1. Cut a strip 3 inches wide from a package of CREPE PAPER.

2. Fold in four layers and ruffle the edges between your forefingers and thumbs.

3. Thread a NEEDLE with a double THREAD 40 inches long. Knot one end. Gather paper down center with small running stitches.

4. Gather paper on thread as tightly as possible.

5. Cut more strips and repeat until thread is used.

6. Twist paper on thread, then tie ends together.

and WEAR AROUND YOUR NECK!

PUZZLES

DIAMOND

Bhutan is a KINGDOM, making it a centre for our diamond. The second word is a courtesy title, "the third 'in London,' the fifth 'in fertilization,' and the sixth 'was victorious.'"

K
I
N
D
O
M
M
KINGDOM

CODED MESSAGE

A code has been used to write this sentence. As a clue, the first word is Bhutan. Substitute letters and decode.

Civubt lbt be bftt ptihtto ulptvboe trvst njmt.

CROSSWORD

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

MIX-UPS

These mix-ups conceal three facts about Bhutan. Rearrange the letters in each group of strange words to find the answers.

YAM SAIL HA
SING MOAN LO
JAR AHA HAM

ANSWERS

DIAMOND: IC
SITE: SING
KINGDOM: MOAN
REDAW: LO
WON: HA
M

CODED MESSAGE: Bhutan an area of 16,000 square miles.

CROSSWORD:

N	O	W	E	S
O	I	L	E	S
S	I	V	E	S
B	L	V	E	S
S	O	N	E	S
N	V	L	O	S

ACROSS

- Central Asian kingdom
- Priority (prefix)
- Son of Seth (Bib.)
- Dined
- German city
- Hough lava
- Baronet (ab.)
- Chairs
- Yale
- Group of three voices
- Withered
- Not (prefix)
- Serious address

DOWN

- Stiff hairs
- Poultry
- Total expenses (ab.)
- Collection of sayings
- Memorandum
- West Point cadets
- Time of year
- Eyes (contr.)
- Fisherman's apparatus
- Italian river
- Anger
- Comparative ending

